

THE
STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

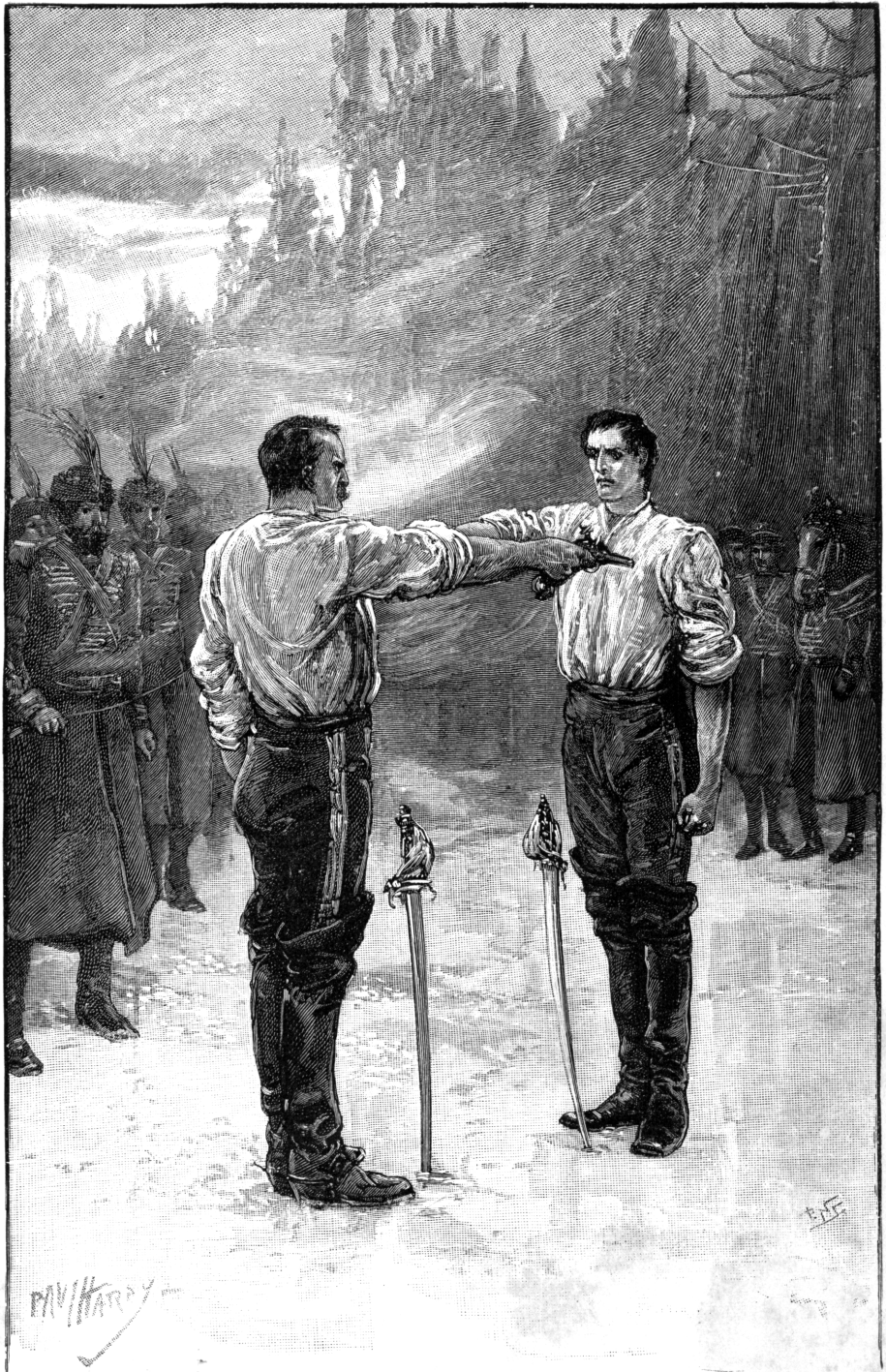
EDITED BY
GEO. NEWNES

Vol. III.
JANUARY TO JUNE

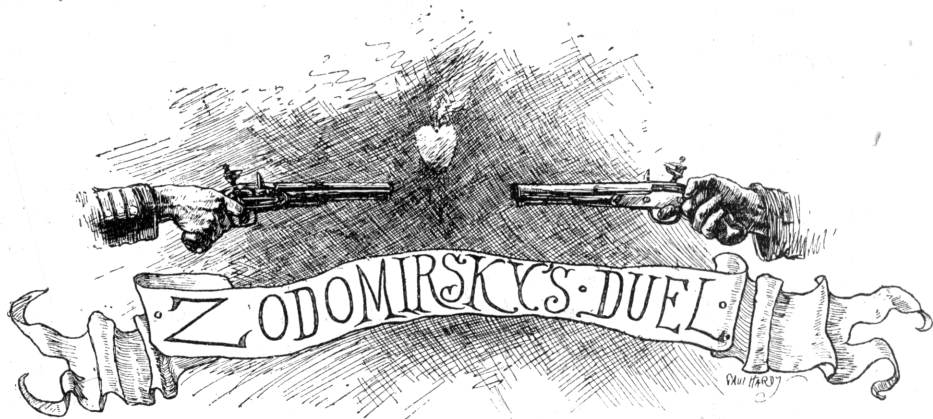


London:
GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED
SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND

1892



ZODOMIRSKY'S DUEL.



FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I.



AT the time of this story our regiment was stationed in the dirty little village of Valins, on the frontier of Austria.

It was the fourth of May in the year 182-, and I, with several other officers, had been breakfasting with the Aide-de-Camp in honour of his birthday, and discussing the various topics of the garrison.

"Can you tell us without being indiscreet," asked Sub-Lieutenant Stamm of Andrew Michaelovitch, the aide-de-camp, "what the Colonel was so eager to say to you this morning?"

"A new officer," he replied, "is to fill the vacancy of captain."

"His name?" demanded two or three voices.

"Lieutenant Zodomirsky, who is betrothed to the beautiful Mariana Ravensky."

"And when does he arrive?" asked Major Belayef.

"He *has* arrived. I have been presented to him at the Colonel's house. He is very anxious to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, and I have therefore invited him to dine with us. But that reminds me, Captain, you must know him," he continued, turning to me, "you were both in the same regiment at St. Petersburg."

"It is true," I replied. "We studied there together. He was then a brave, handsome youth, adored by his comrades,

in everyone's good graces, but of a fiery and irritable temper."

"Mademoiselle Ravensky informed me that he was a skilful duellist," said Stamm. "Well, he will do very well here; a duel is a family affair with us. You are welcome, Monsieur Zodomirsky. However quick your temper, you must be careful of it before me, or I shall take upon myself to cool it."

And Stamm pronounced these words with a visible sneer.

"How is it that he leaves the Guards? Is he ruined?" asked Cornet Naletoff.

"I have been informed," replied Stamm, "that he has just inherited from an old aunt about twenty thousand roubles. No, poor devil! he is consumptive."

"Come, gentlemen," said the Aide-de-Camp, rising, "let us pass to the saloon and have a game of cards. Koloff will serve dinner whilst we play."

We had been seated some time, and Stamm, who was far from rich, was in the act of losing sixty roubles, when Koloff announced—

"Captain Zodomirsky."

"Here you are, at last!" cried Michaelovitch, jumping from his chair. "You are welcome."

Then, turning to us, he continued—"These are your new comrades, Captain Zodomirsky; all good fellows and brave soldiers."

"Gentlemen," said Zodomirsky, "I am proud and happy to have joined your



"CAPTAIN ZODOMIRSKY."

regiment. To do so has been my greatest desire for some time, and if I am welcome, as you courteously say, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"Ah! good day, Captain," he continued, turning to me and holding out his hand. "We meet again. You have not forgotten an old friend, I hope?"

As he smilingly uttered these words, Stamm, to whom his back was turned, darted at him a glance full of bitter hatred. Stamm was not liked in the regiment; his cold and taciturn nature had formed no friendship with any of us. I could not understand his apparent hostility towards Zodomirsky, whom I believed he had never seen before.

Someone offered Zodomirsky a cigar. He accepted it, lit it at the cigar of an officer near him, and began to talk gaily to his new comrades.

"Do you stay here long?" asked Major Belayef.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Zodomirsky. I wish to stay with you as long as possible," and as he pronounced these words he saluted us all round with a smile. He continued, "I have taken a house near that of my old friend Ravensky whom I knew at St. Petersburg. I have my horses there, an excellent cook, a passable library, a little garden, and a target; and there I shall be quiet as a hermit, and happy as a king. It is the life that suits me."

"Ha! you practise shooting!" said Stamm, in such a strange voice, accompanied by a smile so sardonic, that Zodomirsky regarded him in astonishment.

"It is my custom every morning to fire twelve balls," he replied.

"You are very fond of that amusement, then?" demanded Stamm, in a voice without any trace of emotion; adding, "I do not understand the use of shooting, unless it is to hunt with."

Zodomirsky's pale face was flushed with a sudden flame. He turned to Stamm, and replied in a quiet but firm voice, "I think, monsieur, that you are wrong in calling it lost time to learn to shoot with a pistol; in our garrison life an imprudent word often leads to a meeting between comrades, in which case he who is known for a good shot inspires respect among those indiscreet persons who amuse themselves in asking useless questions."

"Oh! that is not a reason, Captain. In duels, as in everything else, something should be left to chance. I maintain my first opinion, and say that an honourable man ought not to take too many precautions."

"And why?" asked Zodomirsky.

"I will explain to you," replied Stamm. "Do you play at cards, Captain?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"I will try to render my explanation clear, so that all will understand it. Everyone knows that there are certain players who have an enviable knack, whilst shuffling the pack, of adroitly making themselves master of the winning card. Now, I see no difference, myself, between the man who robs his neighbour of his money and the one who robs him of his life." Then he added, in a way to take nothing from the insolence of his observation, "I do not say this to you, in particular, Captain, I speak in general terms."

"It is too much as it is, monsieur!" cried

Zodomirsky, "I beg Captain Alexis Stephanovitch to terminate this affair with you." Then, turning to me, he said, "You will not refuse me this request?"

"So be it, Captain," replied Stamm quickly. "You have told me yourself you practise shooting every day, whilst I practise only on the day I fight. We will equalise the chances. I will settle details with Monsieur Stephanovitch."

Then he rose and turned to our host.

"*Au revoir*, Michaelovitch," he said. "I will dine at the Colonel's." And with these words he left the room.

The most profound silence had been kept during this altercation; but, as soon as Stamm disappeared, Captain Pravdine, an old officer, addressed himself to us all.

"We cannot let them fight, gentlemen," he said.

Zodomirsky touched him gently on his arm.

"Captain," he said, "I am a newcomer amongst you; none of you know me. I have yet, as it were, to win my spurs; it is impossible for me to let this quarrel pass without fighting. I do not know what I have done to annoy this gentleman, but it is evident that he has some spite against me."

"The truth of the matter is that Stamm is jealous of you, Zodomirsky," said Cornet Naletoff. "It is well known that he is in love with Mademoiselle Ravensky."

"That, indeed, explains all," he replied. "However, gentlemen, I thank you for your kind sympathy in this affair from the bottom of my heart."

"And now to dinner, gentlemen!" cried Michaelovitch. "Place yourselves as you choose. The soup, Koloff; the soup!"

Everybody was very animated. Stamm seemed forgotten; only Zodomirsky appeared a little sad. Zodomirsky's health was drunk; he seemed touched with this significant attention, and thanked the officers with a broken voice.

"Stephanovitch," said Zodomirsky to me, when dinner was over, and all had risen, "since M. Stamm knows you are my second and has accepted you as such, see him, and arrange everything with him; accept all his conditions; then meet Captain Pravdine and me at my rooms. The first who arrives will wait for the other. We are now going to Monsieur Ravensky's house."

"You will let us know the hour of combat?" said several voices.

"Certainly, gentlemen. Come and bid a last farewell to one of us."

We all parted at the Ravenskys' door, each officer shaking hands with Zodomirsky as with an old friend.

II.

STAMM was waiting for me when I arrived at his house. His conditions were these—Two sabres were to be planted at a distance of one pace apart; each opponent to extend his arm at full length and fire at the word "*three*." One pistol alone was to be loaded.

I endeavoured in vain to obtain another mode of combat.

"It is not a victim I offer to M. Zodomirsky," said Stamm, "but an adversary. He will fight as I propose, or I will not fight at all; but in that case I shall prove that M. Zodomirsky is brave only when sure of his own safety."

Zodomirsky's orders were imperative. I accepted.

When I entered Zodomirsky's rooms, they were vacant; he had not arrived. I looked round with curiosity. They were furnished in a rich but simple manner, and with evident taste. I drew a chair near the balcony and looked out over the plain. A storm was brewing; some drops of rain fell already, and thunder moaned.

At this instant the door opened, and Zodomirsky and Pravdine entered. I advanced to meet them.

"We are late, Captain," said Zodomirsky, "but it was unavoidable."

"And what says Stamm," he continued.

I gave him his adversary's conditions. When I had ended, a sad smile passed over his face; he drew his hand across his forehead and his eyes glittered with feverish lustre.

"I had foreseen this," he murmured. "You have accepted, I presume?"

"Did you not give me the order yourself?"

"Absolutely," he replied.

Zodomirsky threw himself in a chair by the table, in which position he faced the door. Pravdine placed himself near the window, and I near the fire. A presentiment weighed down our spirits. A mournful silence reigned.

Suddenly the door opened and a woman muffled in a mantle which streamed with water, and with the hood drawn over her face, pushed past the servant, and stood

before us. She threw back the hood, and we recognised Mariana Ravensky!

Pravdine and I stood motionless with astonishment. Zodomirsky sprang towards her.

"Great heavens! what has happened, and why are you here?"

"Why am I here, George?" she cried. "Is it *you* who ask me, when this night is perhaps the last of your life? Why am I here? To say farewell to you. It is only two hours since I saw you, and not

have nothing more to hide from you, and perhaps you may be able to help me in what I am about to say. Then, suddenly flinging herself at his feet—

"I implore you, I command you, George," she cried, "not to fight this duel with Monsieur Stamm. You will not end two lives by such a useless act! Your life belongs to me; it is no longer yours. George, do you hear? You will not do this."

"Mariana! Mariana! in the name of heaven do not torture me thus! Can I refuse to fight? I should be dishonoured—lost! If I could do so cowardly an act, shame would kill me more surely than Stamm's pistol."

"Captain," she said to Pravdine, "you are esteemed in the regiment as a man of honour; you can, then, judge about affairs of honour. Have pity on me, Captain, and tell him he *can* refuse such a duel as this. Make him understand that it is not a duel, but an assassination; speak, speak, Captain, and if he will not listen to me, he will to you."

Pravdine was moved. His lips trembled and his eyes were dimmed with tears. He rose, and, approaching Mariana, respectfully kissed her hand, and said with a trembling voice—

"To spare you any sorrow, Made-moiselle, I would lay down my life; but to counsel M. Zodomirsky to be unworthy of his uniform by refusing this duel is impossible. Each adversary, your betrothed as well as Stamm, has a right to propose his conditions. But whatever be the conditions, the Captain is in circumstances which render this duel absolutely necessary. He is known as a skilful duellist; to refuse Stamm's conditions were to indicate that he counts upon his skill."

"Enough, Mariana, enough," cried George. "Unhappy girl! you do not know what you demand. Do you wish me, then, to fall so low that you yourself would be ashamed of me? I ask you, are you capable of loving a dishonoured man?"

Mariana had let herself fall upon a chair. She rose, pale as a corpse, and began to put her mantle on.

"You are right, George, it is not I who would love you no more, but you who would hate me. We must resign ourselves to our fate. Give me your hand, George;



"GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

one word passed between us of to-morrow. Was that well, George?"

"But I am not alone here," said Zodomirsky in a low voice. "Think, Mariana. Your reputation—your fair fame—"

"Are you not all in all to me, George? And in such a time as this, what matters anything else?"

She threw her arm about his neck and pressed her head against his breast.

Pravdine and I made some steps to quit the room.

"Stay, gentlemen," she said, lifting her head. "Since you have seen me here, I

perhaps we shall never see each other again. To-morrow! to-morrow! my love."

She threw herself upon his breast, without tears, without sobs, but with a profound despair.

She wished to depart alone, but Zodomirsky insisted on leading her home.

Midnight was striking when he returned.

"You had better both retire," said Zodomirsky as he entered. "I have several letters to write before sleeping. At five we must be at the rendezvous."

I felt so wearied that I did not want telling twice. Pravdine passed into the saloon, I into Zodomirsky's bedroom, and the master of the house into his study.

The cool air of the morning woke me. I cast my eyes upon the window, where the dawn commenced to appear. I heard Pravdine also stirring. I passed into the saloon, where Zodomirsky immediately joined us. His face was pale but serene.

"Are the horses ready?" he inquired.

I made a sign in the affirmative.

"Then, let us start," he said.

We mounted into the carriage, and drove off.

III.

"Ah," said Pravdine all at once, "there is Michaelovitch's carriage. Yes, yes, it is he with one of ours, and there is Naletoff, on his Circassian horse. Good! the others are coming behind. It is well we started so soon."

The carriage had to pass the house of the Ravenskys. I could not refrain from looking up; the poor girl was at her window, motionless as a statue. She did not even nod to us.

"Quicker! quicker!" cried Zodomirsky to the coachman. It was the only sign by which I knew that he had seen Mariana.

Soon we distanced the other carriages, and arrived upon the place of combat—a plain where two great pyramids rose, passing in this district by the name of the "Tomb of the Two Brothers." The first rays of the sun darting through the trees began to dissipate the mists of night.

Michaelovitch arrived immediately after us, and in a few minutes we formed a group of nearly twenty persons. Then we heard the crunch of other steps upon the gravel. They were those of our opponents. Stamm walked first, holding in his hand a box of pistols. He bowed to Zodomirsky and the officers.

"Who gives the word to fire, gentlemen?" he asked.

The two adversaries and the seconds turned towards the officers, who regarded them with perplexity.

No one offered. No one wished to pronounce that terrible "three," which would sign the fate of a comrade.

"Major," said Zodomirsky to Belayef, "will you render me this service?"

Thus asked, the Major could not refuse, and he made a sign that he accepted.

"Be good enough to indicate our places, gentlemen," continued Zodomirsky, giving me his sabre and taking off his coat, "then load, if you please."

"That is useless," said Stamm, "I have brought the pistols; one of the two is loaded, the other has only a gun-cap."

"Do you know which is which?" said Pravdine.

"What does it matter?" replied Stamm, "Monsieur Zodomirsky will choose."

"It is well," said Zodomirsky.

Belayef drew his sabre and thrust it in the ground midway between the two pyramids. Then he took another sabre and planted it before the first. One pace alone separated the two blades. Each adversary was to stand behind a sabre, extending his arm at full length. In this way each had the muzzle of his opponent's pistol at six inches from his heart. Whilst Belayef made these preparations Stamm unbuckled his sabre, and divested himself of his coat. His seconds opened his box of pistols, and Zodomirsky, approaching, took without hesitation the nearest to him. Then he placed himself behind one of the sabres.

Stamm regarded him closely; not a muscle of Zodomirsky's face moved, and there was not about him the least appearance of bravado, but of the calmness of courage.

"He is brave," murmured Stamm.

And taking the pistol left by Zodomirsky he took up his position behind the other sabre, in front of his adversary.

They were both pale, but whilst the eyes of Zodomirsky burned with implacable resolution, those of Stamm were uneasy, and shifting. I felt my heart beat loudly.

Belayef advanced. All eyes were fixed on him.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" he asked.

"We are waiting, Major," replied Zodomirsky and Stamm together, and each lifted his pistol before the breast of the other.

A death-like silence reigned. Only the birds sang in the bushes near the place of combat. In the midst of this silence the Major's voice resounding made everyone tremble.

"One."

"Two."

"Three."

Then we heard the sound of the hammer falling on the cap of Zodomirsky's pistol. There was a flash, but no sound followed it.

Stamm had not fired, and continued to hold the mouth of his pistol against the breast of his adversary.

"Fire!" said Zodomirsky, in a voice perfectly calm.

"It is not for you to command, Monsieur," said Stamm, "it is I who must decide whether to fire or not, and that depends on how you answer what I am about to say."

"Speak, then; but in the name of heaven speak quickly."

"Never fear, I will not abuse your patience."

We were all ears.

"I have not come to kill you, Monsieur," continued Stamm, "I have come with the carelessness of a man to whom life holds nothing, whilst it has kept none of the promises it has made to him. You, Monsieur, are rich, you are beloved, you have a promising future before you: life must be dear to you. But fate has decided against you: it is you who must die and not I. Well, Monsieur Zodomirsky, give me your word not to be so prompt in the future to fight duels, and I will not fire."

"I have not been prompt to call you out, Monsieur," replied Zodomirsky in the same calm voice; "you have wounded me by an outrageous comparison, and I have been compelled to challenge you. Fire, then; I have nothing to say to you."

"My conditions cannot wound your honour," insisted Stamm. "Be our judge, Major," he added turning to Belayef. "I will abide by your opinion; perhaps M. Zodomirsky will follow my example."

"M. Zodomirsky has conducted himself as bravely as possible; if he is not killed, it is not his fault." Then, turning to the officers round, he said—

"Can M. Zodomirsky accept the imposed condition?"

"He can! he can!" they cried, "and without staining his honour in the slightest."

Zodomirsky stood motionless.

"The Captain consents," said old Pravdine, advancing. "Yes, in the future he will be less prompt."

"It is you who speak, Captain, and not M. Zodomirsky," said Stamm.

"Will you affirm my words, Monsieur Zodomirsky?" asked Pravdine, almost supplanting in his eagerness.

"I consent," said Zodomirsky, in a voice scarcely intelligible.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried all the officers enchanted with this termination. Two or three threw up their caps.

"I am more charmed than anyone," said Stamm, "that all has ended as I desired. Now, Captain, I have shown you that before a resolute man the art of shooting is nothing in a duel, and that if the chances are equal a good shot is on the same level as a bad one. I did not wish in any case to kill you. Only I had a great desire to see how you would look death in the face. You are a man of courage; accept my compliments. The pistols were not loaded." Stamm, as he said these words, fired off his pistol. There was no report!

Zodomirsky uttered a cry which resembled the roar of a wounded lion.

"By my father's soul!" he cried, "this is a new offence, and more insulting than the first. Ah! it is ended, you say? No, Monsieur, it must re-commence, and this time the pistols shall be loaded, if I have to load them myself."

"No, Captain," replied Stamm, tranquilly, "I have given you your life, I will not take it back. Insult me if you wish, I will not fight with you."

"Then it is with me whom you will fight, Monsieur Stamm," cried Pravdine, pulling off his coat. "You have acted like a scoundrel; you have deceived Zodomirsky and his seconds, and, in five minutes if your dead body is not lying at my feet, there is no such thing as justice."

Stamm was visibly confused. He had not bargained for this.

"And if the Captain does not kill you, I will!" said Naletoff.

"Or I!" "Or I!" cried with one voice all the officers.

"The devil! I cannot fight with you all," replied Stamm. "Choose one amongst you, and I will fight with him, though it will not be a duel, but an assassination."

"Reassure yourself, Monsieur," replied Major Belayef, "we will do nothing that the most scrupulous honour can complain

of. All our officers are insulted, for under their uniform you have conducted yourself like a rascal. You cannot fight with all ; it is even probable you will fight with none. Hold yourself in readiness, then. You are to be judged. Gentlemen, will you approach ?”

We surrounded the Major, and the fiat went forth without discussion. Everyone was of the same opinion.

Then the Major, who had played the rôle of president, approached Stamm, and said to him—

“Monsieur, you are lost to all the laws of honour. Your crime was premeditated in cold blood. You have made M. Zodomirsky pass through all the sensations of a man condemned to death, whilst you were perfectly at ease, you who knew that the pistols were not loaded. Finally, you have refused to fight with the man whom you have doubly insulted.”

“Load the pistols ! load them !” cried Stamm, exasperated. “I will fight with anyone !”

But the Major shook his head with a smile of contempt.

“No, Monsieur Lieutenant,” he said, “you will fight no more with your comrades. You have stained your uniform. We can no longer serve with you. The officers have charged me to say that, not wishing to make your deficiencies known to the Government, they ask you to give in your resignation on the cause of bad health. The surgeon will sign all necessary certificates. To-day is the 3rd of May : you have from now to the 3rd of June to quit the regiment.”

“I will quit it, certainly ; not because it is your desire, but mine,” said Stamm, picking up his sabre and putting on his coat.

Then he leapt upon his horse, and galloped off towards the village, casting a last malediction to us all.

We all pressed round Zodomirsky. He was sad ; more than sad, gloomy.

“Why did you force me to consent to this scoundrel’s conditions, gentlemen ?” he said. “Without you, I should never have accepted them.”

“My comrades and I,” said the Major, “will take all the responsibility. You have acted nobly, and I must tell you in the name of us all, M. Zodomirsky, that you are a man of honour.” Then, turning to the officers : “Let us go, gentlemen, we must inform the Colonel of what has passed.”

“We mounted into the carriages. As we did so we saw Stamm in the distance galloping up the mountain side from the village upon his horse. Zodomirsky’s eyes followed him.

“I know not what presentiment torments me,” he said, “but I wish his pistol had been loaded, and that he had fired.”

He uttered a deep sigh, then shook his head, as if with that he could disperse his gloomy thoughts.



"Home," he called to the driver.

We took the same route that we had come by, and consequently again passed Mariana Ravensky's window. Each of us looked up, but Mariana was no longer there.

"Captain," said Zodomirsky, "will you render me a service?"

"Whatever you wish," I replied.

"I count upon you to tell my poor Mariana the result of this miserable affair."

"I will do so. And when?"

"Now. The sooner the better. Stop!" cried Zodomirsky to the coachman. He stopped, and I descended, and the carriage drove on.

Zodomirsky had hardly entered when he saw me appear in the doorway of the saloon. Without doubt my face was pale, and wore a look of consternation, for Zodomirsky sprang towards me, crying—

"Great heavens, Captain! What has happened?"

I drew him from the saloon.

"My poor friend, haste, if you wish to see Mariana alive. She was at her window; she saw Stamm gallop past. Stamm being alive, it followed that you were dead. She uttered a cry, and fell. From that moment she has never opened her eyes."

"Oh, my presentiments!" cried Zodomirsky, "my presentiments!" and he rushed, hatless and without his sabre, into the street.

On the staircase of Mlle. Ravensky's house he met the doctor, who was coming down.

"Doctor," he cried, stopping him, "she is better, is she not?"

"Yes," he answered, "better, because she suffers no more."

"Dead!" murmured Zodomirsky, growing white, and supporting himself against the wall. "Dead!"

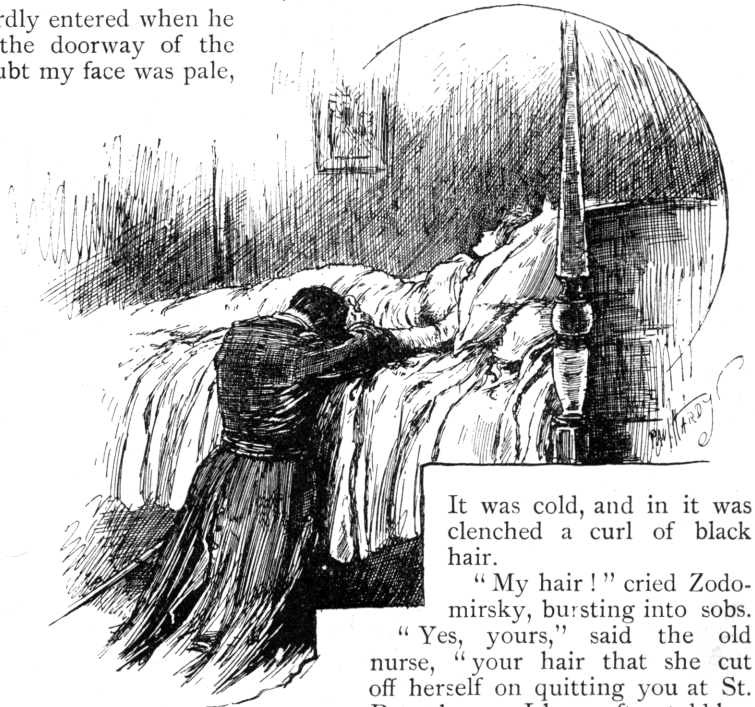
"I always told her, poor girl! that, having a weak heart, she must avoid all emotion——"

But Zodomirsky had ceased to listen. He sprang up the steps, crossed the hall and the saloon, calling like a madman—

"Mariana! Mariana!"

At the door of the sleeping chamber stood Mariana's old nurse, who tried to bar his progress. He pushed by her, and entered the room.

Mariana was lying motionless and pale upon her bed. Her face was calm as if she slept. Zodomirsky threw himself upon his knees by the bedside, and seized her hand.



It was cold, and in it was clenched a curl of black hair.

"My hair!" cried Zodomirsky, bursting into sobs.

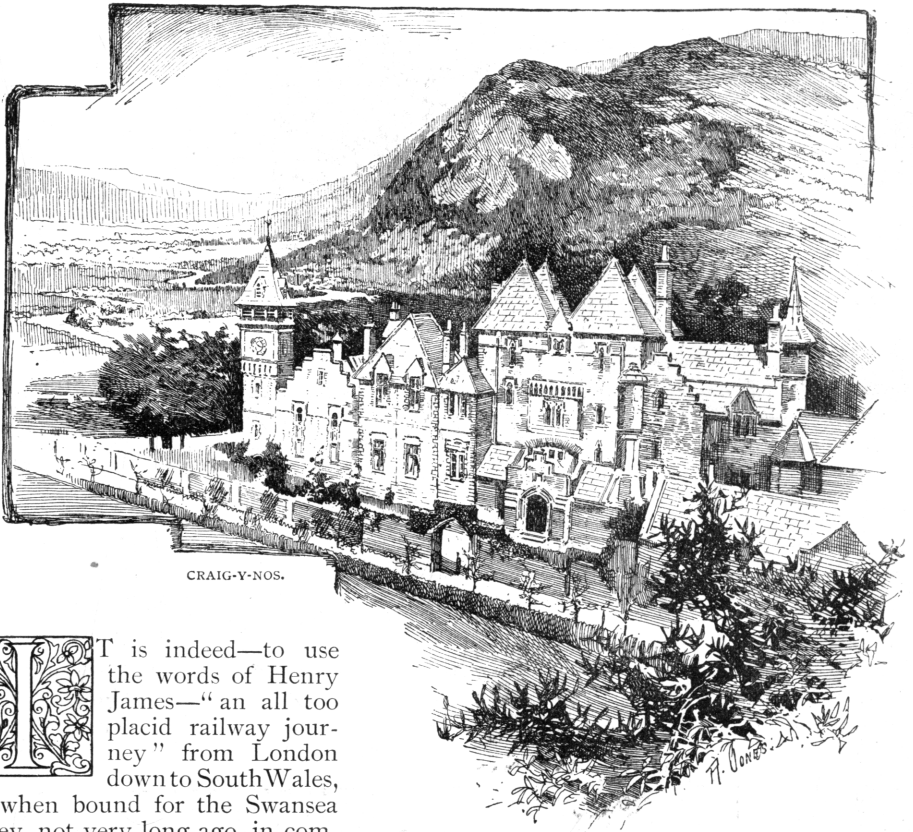
"Yes, yours," said the old nurse, "your hair that she cut off herself on quitting you at St. Petersburg. I have often told her it would bring misfortune to one of you."

If anyone desires to learn what became of Zodomirsky, let him inquire for Brother Vassili, at the Monastery of Troitza.

The holy brothers will show the visitor his tomb. They know neither his real name, nor the causes which, at twenty-six, had made him take the robe of a monk. Only they say, vaguely, that it was after a great sorrow, caused by the death of a woman whom he loved.

Illustrated Interviews.

XII.—MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

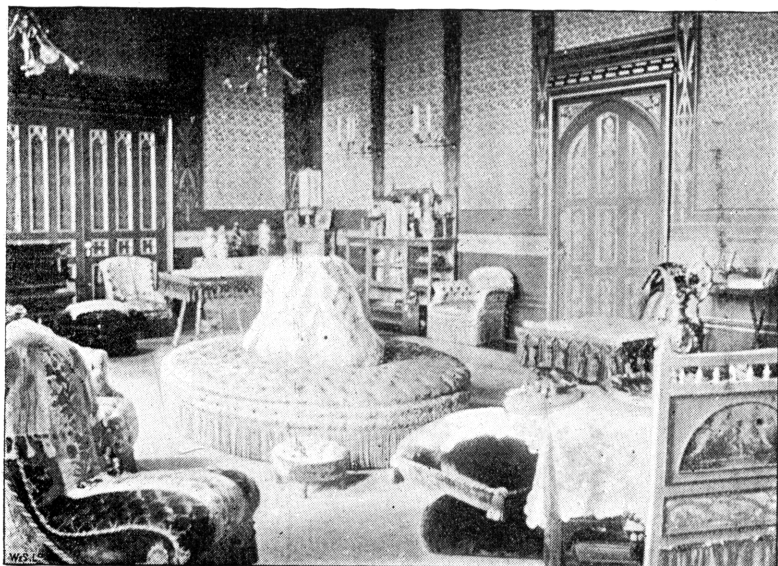


CRAIG-Y-NOS.

IT is indeed—to use the words of Henry James—“an all too placid railway journey” from London down to South Wales, and when bound for the Swansea Valley, not very long ago, in company with a party of cheery spirits, I must confess to feeling in despair, after leaving the old cathedral city of Hereford in the rear, of ever reaching the promised goal, as the train crept with an exasperating slowness past one deserted country station after another. Great was the general relief when at length the cry of “Penwyllt” was to be heard, and on descending from our railway carriage to find a cosy landau waiting to convey our party to Craig-y-nos Castle, the far-famed mountain home of Adelina Patti, a beautiful residence and estate situated on a cleft of the huge Night rock (from which it derives its name), standing high above the sparkling waters of the Tawe and surrounded by scenery of rare loveliness. Tired and travel-worn as we were, we could but congratulate ourselves, as the panorama now opened before us, on making acquaintance with a comparatively

unexplored country, a green vision of towering hills and fresh bright valleys musical with the chime of running streams, and as yet primitive and unpervaded by the omnipresent tourist.

On reaching the courtyard of the castle, the wide gates were thrown open to admit us into a flowery garden, and now the house itself, tall and stately, stood before us. The door was unlatched by a pleasant-looking German “intendant,” William Heck, Madame Patti’s right hand and domestic adviser, who, after conducting us through the warmly carpeted hall, led the way to the drawing-room to await the down-coming of the fair *châtelaine* herself. Needless to say that the welcome of Adelina Patti to her guests is always a hearty one. The diva puts her heart into all she does, whether it be singing, dancing, playing, or attending to the wants of the poor who throng at her gates.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Whilst chatting merrily to us as we sipped the fragrant tea she had ordered for our refreshment, the *prima donna* was willing to answer the many questions we put to her on the subject of her household goods.

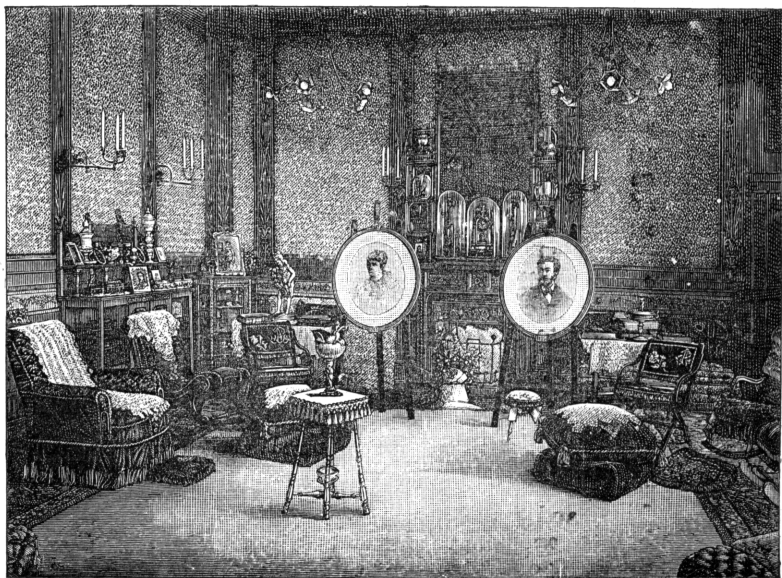
"There will be much for you to see to-morrow, after you have rested," she says, laughingly. "But meanwhile, I see your eyes are stealing their way to that marble bust in the corner. It is supposed to be me, but bears more resemblance to someone else, I think!

You will find a truer likeness of me in Mr. Sant's picture, which was presented to me by the committee of the Swansea Hospital a few years ago, and which I naturally prize very much, as so many kind friends contributed to the gift. That cabinet in the corner of the room contains all my most valuable souvenirs, and among others you will find a ruby bracelet given by the

Queen of England, some long Roman earrings sent to me by Mario and Grisi, who used to be good friends of mine in the days that are no more; and many other treasures. The beautiful bust on the table by the window, bearing the inscription, 'Time is Money,' was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. de Young, of San Francisco, and the laurel wreath, studded with diamonds and engraved with all

the names of my favourite rôles, came from some other kind friends in that part of the world. This silver casket, also traced with a kindly inscription, was bestowed upon me by my *confrères* at Vienna, after I had sung in a charity performance at the great Opera House."

Whilst the diva was talking, our eyes wandered round the tasteful room crowded with so many pretty *bibelots* and hung with delicate blue and silver brocade, to an open



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Hale's.

door giving a glimpse of a cosy little boudoir, which contains, among other interesting objects, a number of water-colour drawings from the gifted hand of the fair lady herself. Here, too, are displayed a collection of photographs of royal and eminent personages, among others, the late Emperor William and his unfortunate son, and the Empress Eugénie of the French. No portrait is more charming than that of the Princess of Wales, standing with her arm round the

waist of the Empress of Russia in the most sisterly fashion imaginable, whilst on a scroll below a few words of gracious compliment are written in her own charming hand. Another picture, much valued by the recipient, is that of the late King and Queen of Spain, with their baby-boy between them, and the inscription, "Mille félicitations sincères, and many happy returns of the day, sur-tout parmi nous." A likeness, the last taken before his death, of the Duke of Albany, England's youngest princely son, is framed, to-

gether with a letter craving for "the counterfeit presentment" of Madame Patti in return. In the boudoir, as in the drawing-room, there is scarcely an object amongst her surroundings which is not connected in some manner with the record of her professional achievements, but in the billiard-rooms and splendid new dining-hall, where next our kind hostess conducted us, all remembrances of her celebrity seem banished for the time being. Craig-y-nos

Castle is perhaps the only house existing where two billiard rooms are to be found, a second, "The French Room," as it is called, having been built to take in the magnificent table which Madame Patti purchased at the Chicago Exhibition. A huge orchestra, brought over from Geneva, and which plays every conceivable air, from Clairette's song in "La Fille de Madame Angot" to the Pilgrims' March in "Tannhäuser," is always wound up when a game of billiards

is commenced, and whilst the diva handles her cue, or watches her opponent's game, she sings half-unconsciously the while to the tunes given by her favourite instrument. On very rare occasions the gifted lady will produce the castagnettes she once used in "Carmen," and will dance as well as sing in the most delightful manner. The far-famed "Patti Theatre," of which so much has already been said and written, leads out of the dining and billiard rooms, and here, in the presence of her friends and neighbours, the diva has

proved that she can shine with brilliant lustre as a *comédienne* when the fancy takes her to show her powers in that line. Patti's pride in this theatre knows no bounds—a pride scarcely to be wondered at, for a prettier little playhouse it would be impossible to imagine. At first only designed for the use of her guests, the plan grew in dimensions, and the "Patti Theatre" is now a pleasant rendezvous for all the town and country folks within twenty miles



From a Photo. by]

PATTI AND MARIO IN "FAUST."
(Her first appearance as *Marguerite*.)

[L. Calderi & Co.,
Pall Mall.



From a Photo. by]

THE MORNING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

round of Craig-y-nos. The principal entrance is from a courtyard at the back of the house, and although outwardly the building possesses no particular attraction, the interior is charming and tasteful to a degree. The decorations are in ivory white and electric blue, and the curtain shows a

to take part with her friends in a dumb charade or pantomime, and exhibits, as everybody can believe, a very telling talent for comedy. Her ten minutes' impromptu duologue with Mr. Terris on the occasion of the festivities at Craig-y-nos last summer will not readily be forgotten

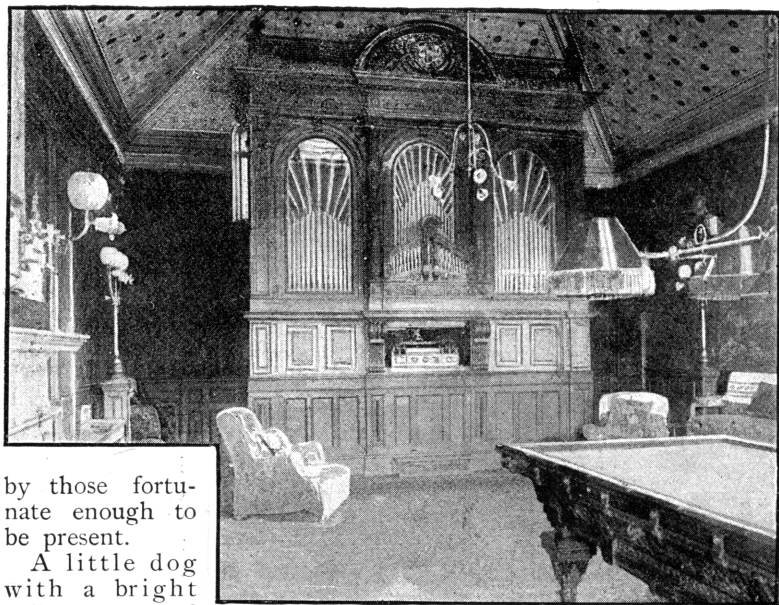
tableau, wherein Patti herself, as *Semiramide*, drives a triumphal car in the face of all beholders. Three hundred electroliers, cunningly arranged, throw a radiance over the general proceedings, and a floor inclining towards the stage when theatricals are undertaken, by a clever device can be brought to a level with the boards if a ball-room be desired. Very frequently Patti is induced



From a Photo by]

THE CONSERVATORY.

[Walery.



From a Photo. by]

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

[Walery.

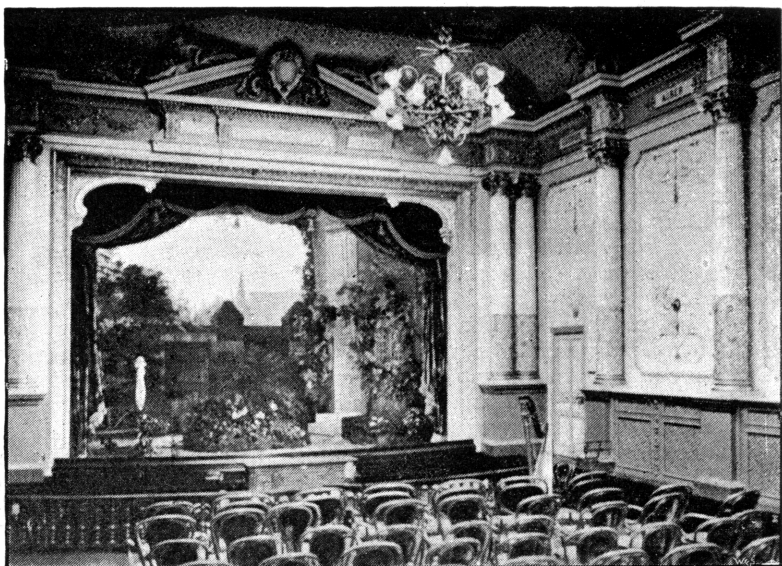
by those fortunate enough to be present.

A little dog with a bright yellow coat and mischievous dark eyes, given by a Mexican friend, is the prima donna's constant companion, and appears to watch her every movement with profound admiration. Nor must I forget her other pets. The parrots she brought with her from New York some seasons ago, the smaller of which, named "Cookie," accompanies her songs and imitates her roulades, further embellished with quite remarkable *floriture* of his own. Then there is a "Jumbo," a strange bird; who refused to utter a single word until one day when a doctor appeared on the scene to attend to a sore throat of his mistress, he exclaimed: "Oh! doctor, I'm so sick!"

At our request Patti was quite willing to produce the famous book of autographs of which we had heard so much, and with mingled thoughts, indeed, did we turn the pages of this

precious volume, on which so many valued lines had been traced by friends who have now passed away. Meyerbeer, Bellini, Rossini, Auber, Berlioz, Mario, Tietjens, have all left their record, and among those who are fortunately still in our midst, to cheer and delight us, and who, at their friend's request, have inscribed their names in her treasured book, are Hans Richter, Capoul, Albani, Trebelli, Scalchi,

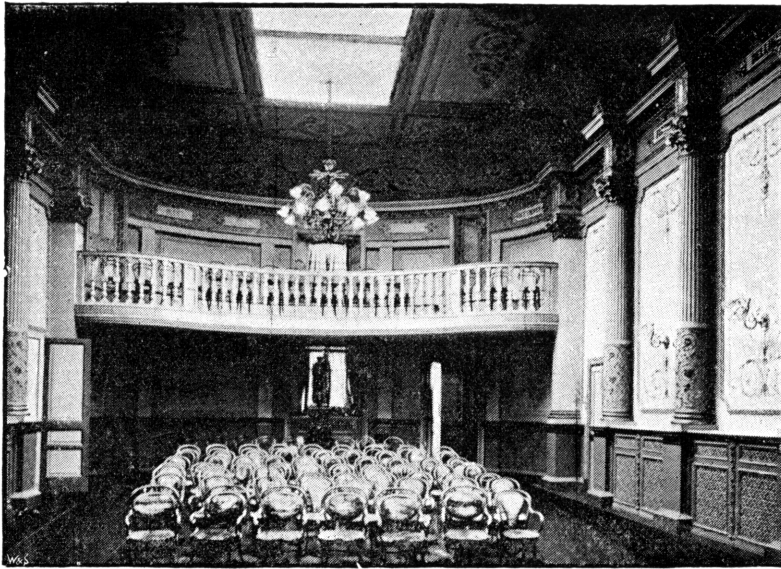
Ravelli, and many others. Niemann, the great German tenor, whose never-to-be-forgotten performances of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" made all Europe ring with his praise, in an eloquent little poem incites Patti to appear in one of Wagner's operas, and concludes his lines with "Elsa-Patti! Ich liebe Dich!" Hans Richter, too, calls her his "Meister Sängerin," and Christine Nilsson, in a burst of friendship,



From a Photo. by]

THE THEATRE—I. THE STAGE.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE THEATRE—II. THE AUDITORIUM.

[Elliott & Fry.

declares her unchanging regard. Verdi, who, when asked whom he considered the greatest singer in the world, wrote : "La première Patti ; la seconde Patti ; la troisième Patti ;" and furthermore, on hearing her in his favourite opera, "Rigoletto," sent her a card bearing the words, "A mia unica e vera Gilda."

Besides the many trophies of which I have written, Patti possesses others which she prizes even more highly, and first and foremost of these is the doll Henriette, all decked out in ribbons and laces, which was given to her when, as a prima donna of seven summers, she first warbled an *aria* in public. Well does she remember how, on the occasion of her singing before a great crowd in Niblo's Gardens, she chanced to espy a little schoolfellow among her hearers, and forgetful of her final cadenza, exclaimed, in her shrill childish tones : "Oh, Nelly, do just come right away ; I've got a new doll I want to show you !" A red fan which Sonntag had loosed from her girdle and placed in the hands of her baby-rival, is lost beyond hope of recovery, to Adelina's infinite regret, but she still hoards a number of other toys and trinkets with which her parents and teachers delighted to reward the efforts of their "Wunderkind."

Another of Patti's early recollections is the first visit of Mario and Grisi to New York, where they had been feverishly awaited for many months long before their

début was actually announced on the *affiches*. The child had saved all her pocket-money to buy a bunch of camellias as a gift to the queen of song, of whom her mother had told her such wonderful accounts, and when at length the day came, and Mario and Grisi, after having sung and conquered, were surrounded by friends and admirers in the green-room, Adelina, trem-

bling with joy and apprehension, advanced with her posy, and laid it in the hands of the imposing lady, whilst whispering a few words of congratulation, which she had hoped would win her a smile of approbation. Grisi, weary with over-excitement, waved away her diminutive admirer, murmuring, "Not now, little girl, not now !" With quivering lip the child turned and fled, but Mario, who had been a witness of the scene, with infinite tact managed to soothe her wounded feelings, and promised to keep the pretty camellias for ever, as a souvenir of "little Lina."

Of her phenomenal success, when she appeared as a prima donna of seven summers at Niblo's Gardens in New York, so many accounts have been written that it would be idle to repeat an oft-told tale. The scales, trills, and staccati which Patti now executes with such triumphant ease, were given by her even in those days with a brilliancy and effect which fairly electrified her hearers. In 1859, at the age of sixteen, she made her veritable opera *début* at the Academy of Music in New York. Two seasons later, "la petite fée sortant d'un œuf enchanté" came to steal the hearts of all London with her charming rendering of *Amina* in "La Sonnambula." The *habitués* of Covent Garden had but a cold welcome to offer the unknown "Patti" when she came on to the stage ; but at the close of the first act, "it seemed," declares an eye-witness, "as if the house were made

of straw, and had caught fire, the applause was so deafening, and the excitement so universal." Her singing had all the charm of the spontaneity of a bird, whilst her acting was imbued with such girlish innocent coquetry that many a wise head among her hearers was fairly turned with delight.

Adelina Patti's initial triumph was followed by many another, and after

a day's visit to Swansea, the principal town of South Wales, proudly named by its inhabitants "the miniature Bay of Naples," and which before it became so essentially a commercial centre, and darkened with the fumes of copper and chemical works in the neighbourhood, must have been a place of much beauty. It was fortunately a

market day, and we could not but be amused, as we wandered about, at the sight of the Welsh-women in their quaint market dress, selling their butter, poultry, and cheese,

PATTI AS "LINDA." [Elliott & Fry.]



PATTI AS "AIDA."
[London Stereo Co.]

appearing in "la ville Cerveau," where the chorus of London approbation was fully confirmed, she sang in every European capital in succession to win an extraordinary and unheard of popularity.

One character after another was added to her *répertoire*, and every fresh appearance was a fresh revelation of the young singer's charm and vivacious talent.

As time has crept on one *prima donna* after another has appealed for our admiration and applause, but Adelina Patti still maintains her supremacy, and warbles to this day before audiences as crowded and enthusiastic as in the days of yore.

After having passed some pleasant days at Craig-y-nos Castle, Madame Patti proposed



PATTI AS "JULIET."
[London Stereo Co.]

at what seemed to us merely nominal prices, whilst they chattered among them-



PATTI AS "VALENTINA."
[London Stereo Co.]

selves in a language of which no word was familiar to our ears. The town itself is pleasant enough with its long streets of cream-washed houses, but nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the peasants and miners whom we met on the way to the market, and who sulkily vouchsafed a few words of greeting as we passed.

Without, as well as within doors, nothing could be more agreeable than the life led at Craig-y-Nos. Madame Patti expects her guests to do exactly what they please, and only enforces a rule that they should come down punctually to meals, which are always served in a fine conservatory leading from the Italian winter gardens. Dinner at 7 o'clock is the event of the day, and then La Diva appears in her highest spirits, full of wit and anecdote. Like many celebrated people, she lives much in the past, and is never weary of talking of the father and



PATTI AS "LUCIA."
[Reutlinger, Paris.]

at the same time, and took pains with everything I undertook — the real secret of my success in life."

The afternoon at Craig-y-nos is always occupied in driving in the beautiful neighbourhood surrounding the Castle. Madame Patti is naturally a warm favourite with all the squires and squires of the country round, no less than with the poor on her estate; and when the wheels of her carriage are heard

in the distance, children, big and small, leave their work and run into the lanes to wave their handkerchiefs, and lustily cheer the Queen of Song as she passes on her way.

Notwithstanding her great talents, Adeline Patti is the most modest and unaffected of women, and of a singularly generous and sympathetic nature. Nowhere is she seen to greater advantage than when entertaining her friends, whose names are legion, beneath the hospitable roof of Craig-y-nos Castle.



PATTI AS "DESDEMONA."
[Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.]



PATTI AS "ROSINA."
[Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.]

mother to whom she was so dutifully attached, and who were taken from her long years ago. Of her childhood's days, as I have already shown, she has much to tell. "I was always merry, yet earnest

The Bride of Felix Armstrong.

BY J. HARWOOD PANTING.



HIS, be it remarked, is an essential feature of your mission in life: whatever you go in for enthusiastically is sure to have a touch of exaggeration. At the stammering age there is exaggeration in your stammers; at the blushing, in your blushes; at the shaving period you not only shave the visible but the invisible; and when inclination is on the other side, where is the elixir you would not purchase to aid and abet your designs?

So it was when Felix Armstrong first of all took to the pen critical; he *was* critical, with a vengeance. It was *Anathema—Maranatha!* One of the least assertive men living in the natural flesh, veiled in the imposing anonymity of the critic, he launched thunderbolts and flashed forked lightning like another Jove upon benighted and erring humanity.

Felix and I had been colleagues on a journal in the provinces. He wrote the theatrical criticisms and the facetious paragraphs that set the townsmen by the ears, under the title of "Titillaters." I have reason to remember them, because they provoked three libel suits, one divorce case, two breaches of promise, a challenge to a duel, a wedding, and, it was currently reported, a funeral. That is a record of which any journalist may be proud. I may add that I have another cause to remember my friend's facetiæ, inasmuch as I once fell a victim to it.

One evening I was violently assaulted by an acrimonious milkman, the

quality of whose milk had been tested and found wanting. Felix had referred to him in the "Titillaters" as "a gentleman of the first water"—a eulogistic title which the doughty milkman repudiated, backed up with the pugilistic statement that he would show my friend that if he was capable of tapping water, he was also acquainted with a method known as "tapping claret." And he proved his assertion. Only he mistook me for Felix, and "tapped" mine instead.

At the important crisis in his history to which I wish more particularly to allude, Felix had grown out of all that. His critical zeal was tempered with discretion, and he would jocularly refer to his past as the "big bow-wow days."

Fate, rather than ability—I speak more



"HE PROVED HIS ASSERTION."

for myself—had called us to London, where we became important representatives on the staff of a leading journal. It was in this capacity that Felix fell in with Theresa Meadows, one of the most brilliant actresses on the stage. He admired her from the first, not, mark you, with the admiration of his salad days. That would have counted for little; but with the admiration that comes of ripe experience and judgment. You know what that means when a man has passed the thirties? It means that when he does admire, all his heart and soul are in the admiration. The case, in such circumstances, becomes one for serious consideration.

Theresa Meadows was not, of course, the name she played under. It is not my intention, with all due respect, to tell you that. If I did, every play-goer of ten years' standing would at once recognise it. There is only one actress I know of who could sustain the part of —. But there; if I mention that character all excuse for concealing her identity would be gone. So kindly brush up your theatrical reminiscences, and solve this little puzzle for yourself.

Was she pretty? Yes, Theresa Meadows was pretty. And, what doesn't often happen, she was prettier off the stage than on. Distance did not do justice to her complexion. In its native state there was no violet powder about it. It had the trick of creating tints of its own, this side of the footlights, though I am not going to perjure myself by saying that Nature's was the sole palette employed on the other side.

Well, Felix got an introduction, and he and the actress became very good friends. Her triumph on the stage had not turned her head. There was not the slightest trace of affectation in her manner, and Felix averred that she was even a greater success at the domestic hearth than before the footlights. She appealed as irresistibly to the household gods as to those vehement ones enthroned in the gallery of the Theatre Royal,

There were, of course, many suitors for her hand, and it was currently reported that she had rejected a dozen or so. Felix had not yet ventured on a declaration, and I awaited with some anxiety that psychological moment, for I knew it must come.

One evening Felix turned into my chambers. He was very white, though the hand he gave me was like a burning coal. I wheeled a chair to the fire, and handed him a cigar.

"I see how it is," I said; "smoke first—confess after."

We puffed away in silence for ten minutes.

"Refused?" I then remarked.



"FELIX GOT AN INTRODUCTION."

"Precisely," he replied, just as laconically.

"Without conditions?"

"Without conditions."

"Humph! That is a double confession of failure for which I was scarcely prepared."

"Why, pray?"

"Why? Because you have railed as a lover, and, what is much worse in my eyes, as a diplomatist into the bargain."

"Diplomatist! To the deuce with your diplomacy. What part can *finesse* play with a pulse running to fever heat?"

"That *does* present a difficulty, certainly. Volcanoes and that sort of thing do not,

I admit, permit of calm deliberation. But you're not the man I took you for, if the first refusal is to be considered a defeat. Did she give no reason for her rejection?"

"Oh, yes; she was perfectly frank on that point. She rejected me for reasons which, I must allow, should be convincing."

"Come, that's something."

"Yes, that's something," echoed Felix, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"And the reasons, may I ask?"

"Oh, that marriage with her would mean penal servitude for the husband. Simple enough, weren't they?"

I flung my cigar away and listened intently. The case was getting interesting.

"And she made the confession," my friend continued, "with a divine smile, as though it were the most natural thing in the world."

"I take it all back about your diplomacy, Felix. I see that the thing is impossible. Married already, eh?—though even in that case I can't see how the penalty you mention would attach to husband No. 2."

"Married, no!" he thundered. "She is not married; never has been."

"Pardon me," I said, "this is getting too bewildering. I give it up, as I presume you will," and I smoked again.

"Neither is that my intention. I will *not* give it up. I'm convinced there is something more in this than appears upon the surface, and I'm determined to fathom it."

"Very well; I wish you good luck in your endeavours, and an easy time when it comes to the oakum. If I can get a remission in the sentence, you may count upon my services."

Though I spoke thus cynically to my friend, I was really very sorry for him. I was well aware of the strength of his attachment to Theresa Meadows, and I had imagined that she also regarded him with some favour. I could not make out the

meaning of this remarkable confession of hers—whether it had been adopted as a drastic expedient for cutting off Felix from all hope of her hand, or whether there was some mystery connected with her past life which really made union with her criminal. Her confession was the more astounding in that her life had been regarded as a perfectly spotless one, spite of the Bohemian circle in which she moved, and of which she was the admired queen. I awaited, therefore, with some curiosity, further developments. I knew that Felix would be true to his word, and would leave no stone unturned to fathom the mystery.

A fortnight later Felix again called upon me. He was more feverishly excited than before; but his eyes, formerly dull with the ashes of dejection, were now aglow with the fire of hope.

"Ah, the auguries are a little more favourable this time," I remarked. "Accepted?"

"My dear fellow, you have missed your vocation. Give up journalism for prophecy. You speak with greater regard for precision in the one character than the other."

"*A propos* of oakum, eh?"



"Oh, that was in your journalistic vein."

But my friend moved a bit nervously in his chair.

"Then I'm to congratulate you?"

"ACCEPTED?"

"If you please."

"As the accepted husband of Miss Meadows?"

"Again, if you please."

"No, I don't please, until I hear what all this humbug means."

"Upon my word, I scarcely know myself, old fellow. I only know that I've been accepted. That knowledge is sufficient."

"Felix Armstrong, have you parted with your senses? Do you mean to tell me that you are going voluntarily to put your neck into a noose without a moment's thought as to possibilities of——"

"Strangulation! Say it. I know that's what you imply. Yes, I mean to tell you that. See here, old fellow, you are the best friend I have in the world. If you were to tell me that you required this hand to-morrow I would give it you."

"Thank you; I was never an advocate of vivisection, and I wouldn't accept your present, especially as it seems you require it for another service." I spoke with a tinge of bitterness, because I felt that Felix was rushing heedlessly into an equivocal position.

"Well, will you shake it in the cause of friendship?" That was the lovable side of Felix. I took it, and held it for a moment, until I saw a tear glistening in his eye. I veritably believe there was one in mine also.

"But have you fathomed all that about the prospects of penal servitude?"

"No, I confess I haven't. That's what I was leading up to a moment since. There are cases where we may be called upon to act in a spirit of self-sacrifice. I would do anything for you, old fellow. My love for her—though I've struggled against it—is no less sacred."

"But has she offered no further explanation?"

"No; on the contrary, she asked me, if she consented, whether I was willing to accept all risks."

"And you replied——"

"Yes."

"This is absurd. Still, I know from experience that it's useless trying to turn you from your purpose. When is it to be?"

"In four weeks' time."

"Where?"

"At Bath."

"Why are you going that deuce of a journey?"

"She wishes it."

"Humph! Quite in keeping with other eccentricities. May I come to see you——"

"Executed! Oh, yes; it's the favour I was about to ask."

"Very well, I'll accompany you. She's agreeable?"

"Perfectly."

Then we discussed other matters; but I could see all the time that he was thinking of her. I could see, too, that, though his passion for this woman was so strong, there still remained the slightest tinge of suspicion. Mingled with it was the ingredient of pride—pride that he was about to carry off a prize which many others had sought for in vain.

As a man I admired his tenacity of purpose, and the confidence he was prepared to repose, spite of all risks, in one he loved; as a friend I had misgivings—who would not have had?—as to whether that confidence was worthily reposed. It has always been my policy in life, however, never to resist the inevitable. That simply means butting your head against a brick wall, and is a diversion which the wall only reciprocates with headaches.

The four weeks soon slipped away, and on a dull morning in February we found ourselves—Felix, and I—the solitary occupants, if I may except the verger, of St. Mary's Church, Bath. The wedding was to be a quiet one. There were to be no bridesmaids. An uncle of Theresa—a Mr. Steadman—was to give her away, and we were to drive to his house afterwards for the wedding breakfast.

We had arrived punctually at eleven. At a quarter past, one or two stragglers entered the church, but no bride. At half-past the verger came to us and said the clergyman was in attendance, and waiting to proceed with the ceremony—a delicate hint to which Felix sarcastically retorted by asking if it were a usual thing for the rev. gentleman to perform the marriage ceremony in the absence of the bride?

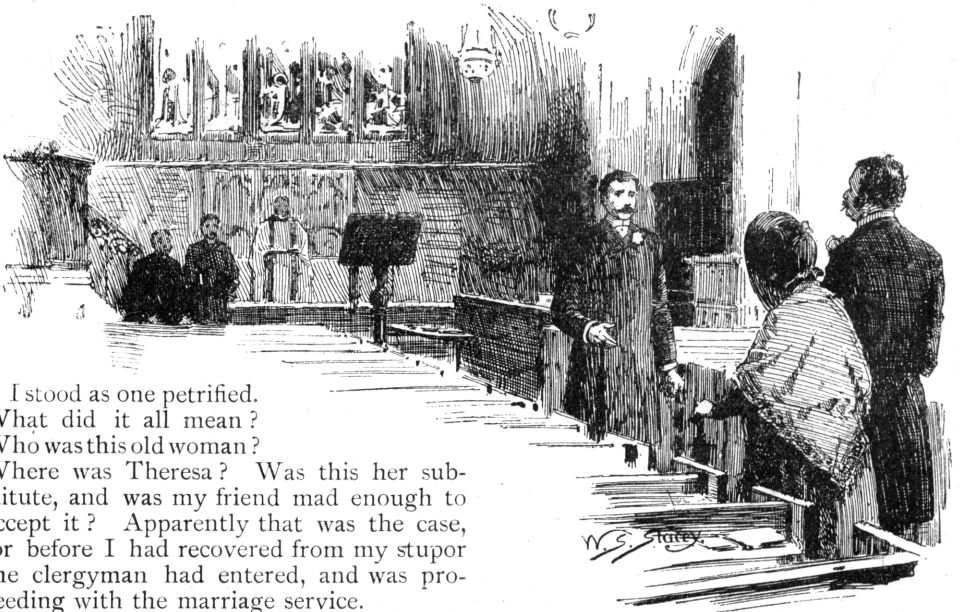
Even as he spoke a strange couple entered the church. One was an elderly gentleman, erect and smiling; the other, an old lady closely veiled, attired in a red cotton gown, a small shawl, and coal-scuttle bonnet.

I was too much astonished at first to notice my friend. That he was greatly agitated I could tell by the quivering hand he laid upon my shoulder. He walked down the aisle, and met the curious pair

half-way. There was some whispering between them, and then I saw my friend deliberately take the old lady's arm, and walk towards the communion rails.

who had now the right to call him husband. The minister apparently regarded him with pity.

"Poor young man ; thrown away upon



"HE WALKED DOWN THE AISLE, AND MET THE CURIOUS PAIR."

I stood as one petrified. What did it all mean ? Who was this old woman ? Where was Theresa ? Was this her substitute, and was my friend mad enough to accept it ? Apparently that was the case, for before I had recovered from my stupor the clergyman had entered, and was proceeding with the marriage service.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife ?" and so on throughout the solemn charge ; and Felix answered as in a dream—

"I will."

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband ?" and the old woman at the altar echoed the affirmation in a singularly sweet and youthful voice. Surely I had heard it before ? The hands might be the hands of another, but the voice was the voice of—Theresa Meadows. Yet, though the name was shortly after repeated, I could scarcely accept the evidence of my ears. I followed the newly-married couple into the vestry, was called upon to append my name as witness, and there saw unmistakably the signature of Theresa Meadows.

Then there was no mistake ? This was really she—in masquerade. What was the meaning of it ? It lent darker colour to my sombre forebodings. I looked at Felix. He was pale to the lips. He spoke no word. He was evidently as much in the dark as myself. She had called upon him, in that hurried conference in the aisle, to accept or reject her. Felix had kept to his word—had carried out his compact—and, having done so, maintained an ominous silence, as though in scorn of the woman

so old a woman ! Married her for her money, I suppose !" was evidently his mental comment.

A couple of poorly-clad women who stood at the church door gave more audible expression to their opinion.

"What d'y'e think of that, 'Becca ?" said one. "'Ere's a chap as 'as married his grandmother !"

"Well, I never !" said the other. "I thought as the marriage service was agen it. I knows it was when I was tied to my old man."

And still Felix did not speak ; only pressed his lips the closer.

The drive to Mr. Steadman's house was the most sombre I have ever had. It was more like the return from a funeral than a wedding. Not a word was spoken.

When we reached the house we found a benevolent-looking, middle-aged lady, and a bevy of tittering girls (whom I afterwards discovered to be Theresa's aunt and cousins) awaiting our arrival. Theresa was about to introduce us.

"Not yet, please," said Felix, sternly. "I am first entitled to an explanation.

You are not now upon the stage, remember."

The young ladies drew back in some affright at his tragic demeanour.

Theresa beckoned us into an ante-room, took from her pocket an old newspaper cutting, and said softly—

"There, Felix dear, is my explanation."

Then she slipped out of the room.

My friend read the extract eagerly, I was watching him closely. He read it once, twice; then he broke out into a loud laugh, and capered about the room like one demented. I began to think his mind was seriously affected.

"Very good, Felix, as a *pas seul*—very good, indeed. But now, my friend, I think it's my turn for an explanation."

For response he handed me the newspaper cutting. It was a criticism on the performance of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," played at the Theatre Royal, Bath, some years back. In the course of it, I read:—

"The part of *Mrs.*

Willoughby was sustained by Miss — (mentioning the name under which Theresa Meadows played at that time). Her acting was crude in the extreme, though it must be admitted that she rolled off her sentences with a volubility that required no assistance from the prompter. 'Ticket-of-Leave,' forsooth! We can imagine no greater calamity in life than penal servitude with such a character as portrayed by Miss —. This lady has decidedly mistaken her vocation as an actress."

I handed back the cutting.

"Smart, Felix — very."

"You see it all."

"Oh, yes, I recognise the Roman hand. That is one of your astonishing criticisms of years ago, and she has to-day again played the part of old *Mrs. Willoughby* for your especial benefit."

"Just so."

"It was at this town you rounded off that sentence, and it is here that she has contrived for you to commence a second sentence—of another kind. Your criticism was smart, old boy; hers is smarter."

"Agreed, agreed!" cried Felix. "What a sweet revenge! Who would have associated the brilliant London actress of to-day with old *Mrs. Willoughby* of that time?"

"Well, I must confess that it says more for her ability as an actress than for your acumen as a critic. Who is to wear the prophet's mantle now?"

We turned round at that moment and saw a figure standing in the doorway clad in white. Exit *Mrs. Willoughby*; enter a charming bride.

"Am I forgiven, dear?" she asked, turning her face appealingly to his.

Felix's sole response was to open his arms. With a joyful little cry, half sob, she crept into them.

And I crept out, to see how the wedding breakfast was getting on. It turned out the most successful repast I ever remember, though I did make an ass of myself in proposing the toast of "The Bridesmaids!"

Felix is uncertain to this day as to whether he married Theresa or *Mrs. Willoughby*; but the point is never likely to be legally contested.



How a Sculptor Works.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



HERE is, perhaps, no art that is less understood by the general public than that of the sculptor. The prevailing idea is that he takes a piece of stone or marble, and goes to work with hammer and chisel till his bust, statue, group, or whatever it may be, is produced. But although it is said that Michael Angelo could do this, it is open to doubt whether he ever did. Certain it is no modern sculptor would dare to attempt it, and chiefly—and in the first place—because a false stroke once made, it is impossible to rectify it, and the marble is spoiled.

Hence, in all important works, the sculptor's first care is to make a sketch of

out of that. Such, however, is not the case. The clay is taken bit by bit, and placed on the framework, or skeleton, where the anatomy requires it, great care being observed to preserve the relative size of the masses, and the exact angles of all the planes, which should be kept as square as possible. This is continued until something like the figure desired has been shaped. Then the details are worked in, either by the hand or by the proper modelling tools.

The manner in which the figure grows into form and shapeliness will be seen from the accompanying photographs, which have been taken so as to exhibit the work at each stage. To do this two simple forms were deemed best—one that of a horse, the other

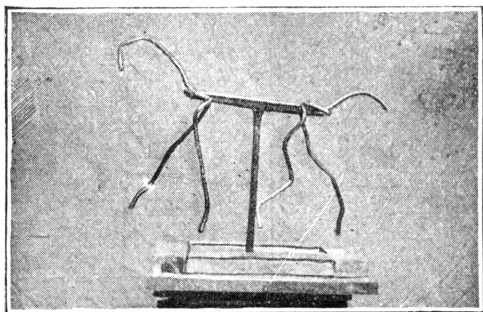


FIG. 1.

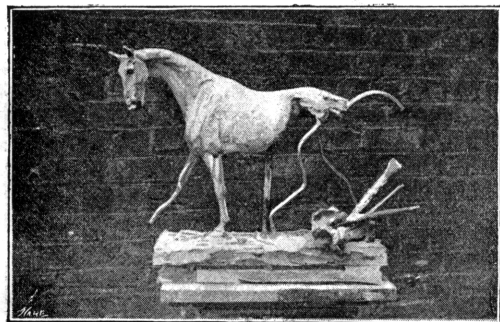


FIG. 2.

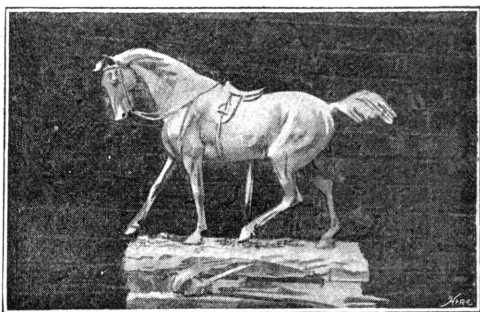
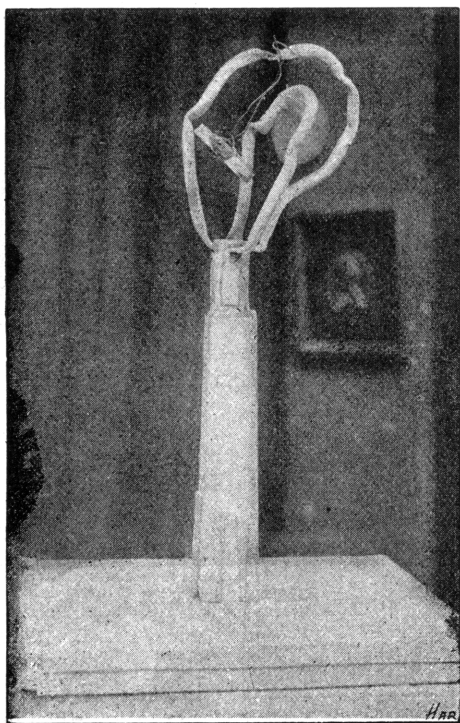


FIG. 3.

his proposed group or statue. This is called his sketch model; and, in making it, he goes to work exactly as he must needs do in executing the larger design. That is, he must, first of all, construct a framework upon which to build up his figure. Many persons suppose he merely takes a piece of clay of about the size of the proposed work, and gradually fashions his figure, or figures,

the head of a sitter. By this means the reader is more easily enabled to grasp the a b c of the method. The photographs of the horse explain themselves. Fig. 1 shows the skeleton upon which it is built, Fig. 2 the form partly developed; while Fig. 3 exhibits the completing stage.

As regards the photographs of the bust, more explanation is requisite. They do not



THE SKELETON.

represent the making of a sketch-model, but a life-size bust. The method is the same in both cases, however ; while in the case of the bust the manner of working with the clay is better exemplified than in that of the horse. Moreover, this series of photographs enables the reader to understand another important department of the sculptor's art. The scaffolding, so to speak, is simpler than in the case of the horse. An upright "peg," some twenty inches in length, tapering towards the top, is fixed into a wooden platform about eighteen inches square. This platform, to prevent warping, is formed of two pieces of wood, the lower piece having the grain of the wood reversed. The peg is simply a stay to hold up the bust. Sometimes the bust is built upon a support shaped like a Latin cross, the transverse, or shoulder, fitting into a slot cut in the upright. In the photograph, however, only the peg is shown, with the addition of what are technically known as an "armature" and a "butterfly." The former is constructed of thin gas-piping, and is used for the purpose of enabling the artist more easily to modify the set of the head, if there be occasion to do so ; the leaden piping enabling it to be

flexed this way or that, according to the peculiarity or habit of the sitter, which is not always perceived at a first sitting.

The "butterfly" consists of a small cross-piece of wood, shaped like a Greek cross, and attached to a piece of wire, by means of which it is suspended from a nail driven into the top of the peg, or, as in the present instance, from the "armature." It hangs loose from its support, and in the modelling is pressed against the upright or framework. It is not always used by experienced artists ; but even they find it useful when the head of the sitter moves to and fro. It is used very largely in all important framework structures for sculpture.

The artist now goes to work with the clay, applying it and building up the bust with his hands, his best tools. With the fingers broader and bolder work can be produced than with any tools, no matter how elaborate. Old Nollekins, the sculptor, used to say : "My best tool is my thumb." With the fingers the artist has more freedom in handling the clay ; whereas by working with even the best tools he is apt to get his work "niggling," as if a water-colour painter endeavoured to produce effects by stippling or cross-hatching, instead of by bold washes. A sculptor said the

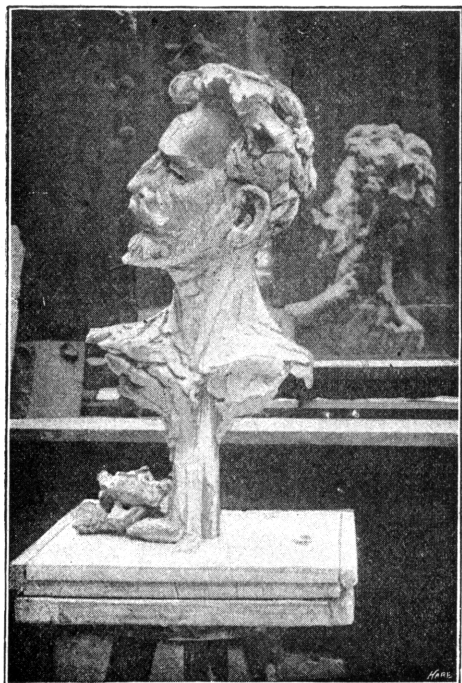


FIRST STAGE.

other day that he believed that if the famous frieze of the Parthenon was first modelled in clay, no tools save those nature endowed man withal were used, the general effect is so broad and grand. He added that, in proof of his assertion, he would

is done by cutting off a part of the crown by means of a very thin wire or thread, and scooping out the inside till only a uniform thickness of about one and a half inches is left. When this is done the bust will come off the stick, with its "butterfly" and other attachments, like an old glove. There are four reasons for this hollowing—it lessens the weight, saves time in drying, eases the firing, and lessens the risk of splitting. The bust is now set aside to dry, and when it has become quite hard, and free from moisture, it is ready for "firing" (which is done in an ordinary potter's kiln).

We now return to our sketch-model, to explain the making of which our photographic illustrations and the necessary de-



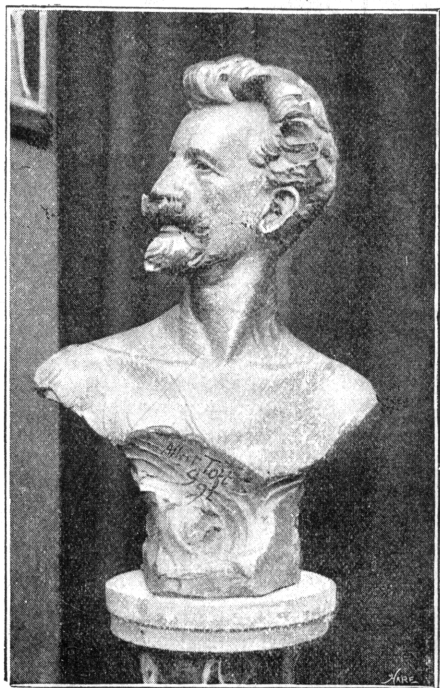
SECOND STAGE.

undertake to copy the frieze, using his fingers alone.

Of course, a portrait bust is not modelled in a day. To do one properly takes several days; for one reason, because the sitter becomes wearied and bored, and loses vivid expression if required to sit more than an hour or two at a time. In the case of the bust from which our illustrations are taken,* however, all the stages were done in from four to five hours.

While the work is in progress it is necessary to keep the clay moist. This is done by spraying it with a garden syringe, or with what is sometimes called the "mouth syringe."

When the bust is finished, it is cast in plaster; but if it be intended to "fire" it, and make a terra-cotta bust of it, the operation of hollowing is necessary. This



FINISHED BUST.

scriptive text have been introduced. The model may be only a few inches in height, or it may be a couple of feet (the horse photographed was about ten inches), depending, of course, upon the subject—whether it is to be of ordinary or colossal proportions, and on other considerations. The model may either be worked out simply in the rough, in order to give the grouping and the proportions, or it may be highly finished. As a rule, however, the

* The photographs are from Mr. Toft's bust of Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., at present in the New Gallery.



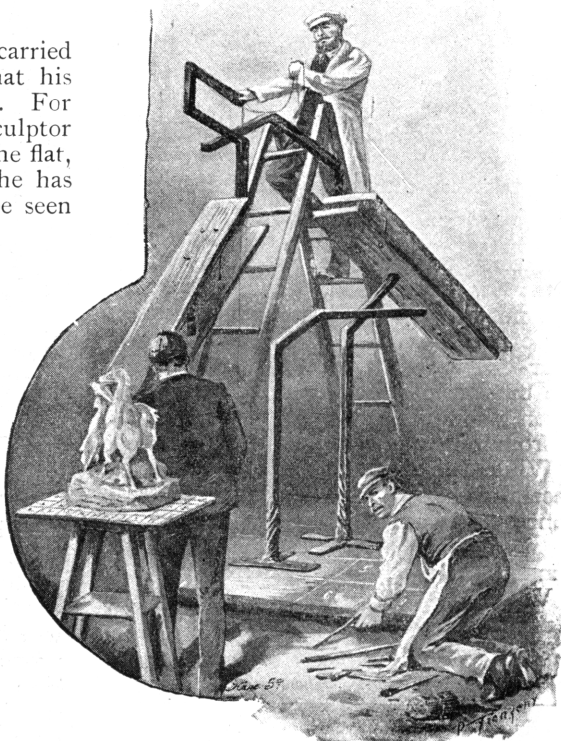
THE SKETCH MODEL.

sketch is not highly finished, but only carried so far as to enable the artist to see that his idea will work out to his satisfaction. For it must be remembered that the sculptor does not, like the painter, work on the flat, and so present but one view; but he has to bear in mind that his work will be seen all round.

Having completed this sketch-model to his satisfaction (which is frequently only done after months of thought), the artist's next work is to build up the skeleton for the statue or group of full size. This, of itself, if the group be at all elaborate, is a work requiring great precision and mechanical skill. In the piece of sculpture I have taken to illustrate the process of building up an ideal work*, we have an equestrian group measuring 10 ft. 6 in. in height, 8 ft. in length at the base, by 6 ft. 6 in. wide. Each of the three horses has to be built up

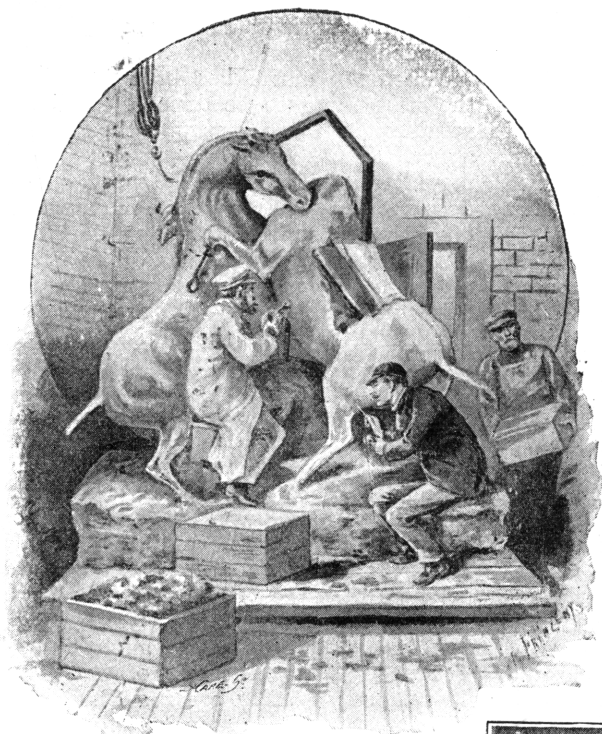
on a framework which must be planned and fixed, not only with a view to the requirements of the action to be represented, but also to the weight of clay it has to sustain, which in this instance means several tons. In some cases the skeleton may consist simply (as in that of the bust described above) of an upright and a crossbar made of a piece of wood or a bit of gas-piping. But in the group before us the trunk and limbs of the horses have to be modelled on a framework of solid iron bars, and it has to be done with mathematical accuracy, or it is of no use. In order to secure this perfect accuracy, the plinth or base upon which the model is made is divided into a multitude of squares, all of which are numbered. In like manner the platform upon which the full-sized group is to be built, is divided into an equal number of symmetrical squares. This done, the iron supports (as shown in the illustration) have to be fixed and bent to their proper positions, etc., by careful measurement with the plumb line, square by square.

When the skeleton is thus completed



SETTING UP THE FRAMEWORK

* The illustrations are taken from Captain Adrian Jones's "The Horses of Douglass," at present in the Royal Academy Exhibition.



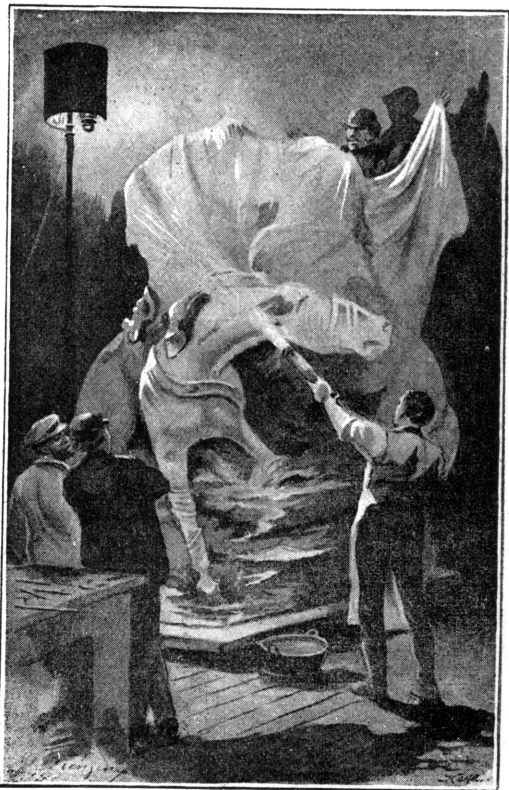
THE FIRST COVERING WITH CLAY.

(and fixed upon a turn-table, so that each side may be brought successively to the light and worked upon), the next thing is to begin the work of modelling with the clay. This proceeds, of course, from the base upwards. The more solid parts are filled up very largely with pieces of wood mixed with the clay. Then along the limbs, where the clay might slide off when left, if the clay be very wet, boards and "butterflies," as described above, are fastened at intervals along the iron bars that serve as framework. The latter, held in place by the copper wire on which they are suspended, and worked into the clay, give it support. This rougher and more mechanical part of the work may be done by a clever assistant; but when it comes to the actual work of modelling the form and the limbs, and giving life and character to the group, then the master hand and eye must needs come into requisition. For instance, it is very necessary to make constant reference to the living model, as also to the anatomical specimens, for correct measurements and action.

Not unfrequently after the work has proceeded thus far, and it seems to be all

but finished, the artist sees, perhaps, some details that do not come out so happily in the large model as they did in the small sketch, and consequently has to make some minor alterations. In any case, such a colossal work as that depicted takes months to build up in skeleton and model. During the whole of the process of modelling the clay has to be kept in a state of moisture by daily wetting and covering up at night with wet cloths; otherwise it would dry, crack, and fall to pieces.

Before covering up for the night, however, the artist takes a good look at the work that has been done during the day, comparing the masses one with another, in order to correct any inaccuracy as regards the relative sizes of the parts. This is best done in the half-light of the evening. The masses then render themselves in their true



WETTING AND COVERING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

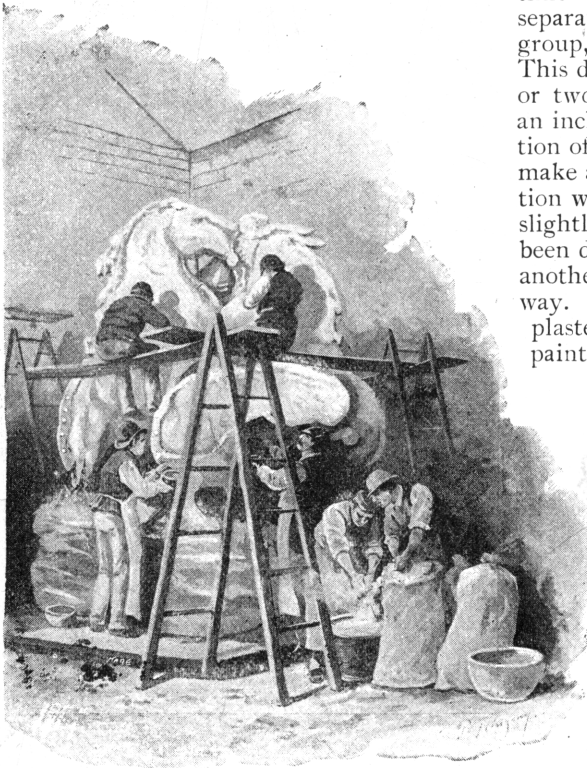
values better than during the day, as in the broad light the detail takes away from the masses, while in the half-light the minor details are not seen.

Here, perhaps, a word ought to be said about the clay employed by the sculptor. That commonly used is the china clay of the potter; but before now good work has been done with the clay of an ordinary brickfield. The quality and "state" of the clay, however, have much to do with good work. When the clay is "rude" and dry, it is put into a tub of water over night. In the morning, when the moisture has soaked well through it, and it is in the condition of what is called "slip," it is passed through a coarse sieve to get rid of the rough particles. It is then put on a board to dry, and there left until it is of the consistence of putty. New clay, in working, proves to be what is called "short"; that is to say, it is not elastic. On the other hand, when too old it becomes what is termed "rotten"—it lacks cohesion, is friable, and liable to crumble. In the middle stage it spreads well, is elastic, and, with less labour, produces better work,

having no "spring," and so preserving the intended form.

When the model has been completed, the next thing to be done is to make a mould on it. For this purpose the moulders are called in. Some sculptors do their own moulding; but if they are busy men it does not pay them to do so, the moulding of a large group being a long job. It is, moreover, a strictly mechanical operation, although one requiring much manipulative skill and a fine touch. The first thing the moulder does, when the model is handed over to him, is carefully to consider the way in which he is going to accomplish his task. The problem before him is how to make his mould in such a manner that he will be able to get out the original model, and especially the iron framework, when completed. When he has fully thought out his plan he goes to work, beginning, of course, at the bottom and working upwards. If there are awkward pieces in the way of the moulder (as in the case of the leg of the prostrate horse), or that might be easily broken off (as in the case of the horse's loose drapery), they are removed for the time being. Then he has to consider separately every point and corner of the group, and how he is going to mould them. This done, he takes a strip of clay an inch or two in width, and from half an inch to an inch thick, and with it marks off a portion of the surface of which he is about to make a mould. Then he fills in that portion with plaster which has been given a slightly yellow colour. When this has been done the strip of clay is removed, and another section marked off in the same way. But before this space is filled in with plaster the upper edge of the last mould is painted with clay-water. This is done in order to prevent the next layer of plaster from adhering to it, so that the two portions won't part when required to do so.

In this way the entire surface of the part of the group that is to be removed is gradually covered. The process is naturally a long one, and takes days to complete, because of the difficulties to be overcome, if a complicated group, and the large number of pieces to be made. In this particular work the exact number was fifty-eight besides the solid portion, or case. During the progress of the work care



SETTING UP THE MOULD WITH PLASTER OF PARIS.

has to be taken to keep the model moist as before, and to see that nothing damages its surface. Each evening it is carefully wetted with the syringe, and covered up with moist cloths.

When the mould has been completed, the next operation is to take it apart piece by piece, or so much of it as will enable the clay model (together with the iron framework), which is no longer of any use, to be removed. If the mould has been well constructed, this is no very difficult matter. The syringe is again brought into requisition, and when the water has penetrated the joints of the separate pieces of the mould it moistens the film of clay deposited by the washing with clay water, and so allows the section to be prized out of its place with comparative ease. When the model has been sufficiently bared to permit of its being worked out that operation is begun.

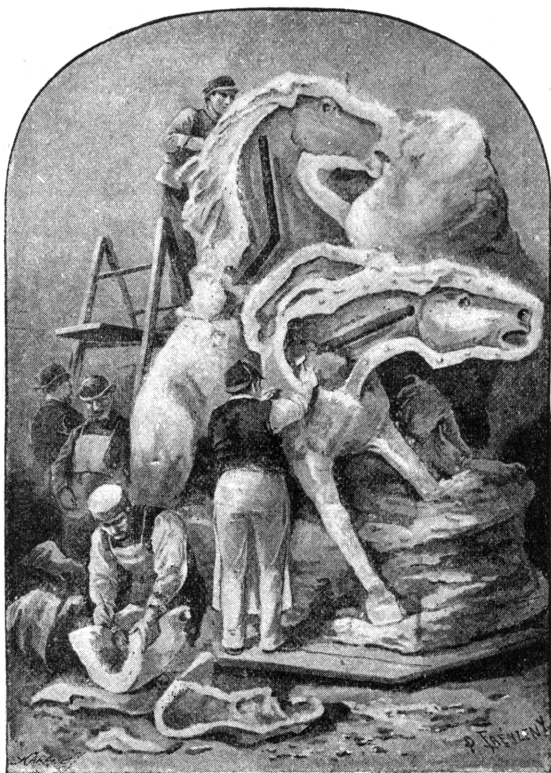
When this is done we have before us the hollow mould in which the plaster cast has to be made. But, before proceeding with the cast, it is necessary to re-shape and insert the irons (or many of them) which formed the skeleton of the model. These are necessary for the support and strengthening of the group. The irons are further strengthened by wooden struts as the work proceeds. But before anything else is done the various pieces of the mould are carefully washed, so that no particle of the clay of the model remains. They are then given a thin coating of soft soap, and when that is dry they are slightly oiled, so that the plaster of the cast may not adhere.

The process of making the cast then pro-

ceeds. The moulder is supplied with bowls of liquid plaster, which he flings upon the inside of the mould with his hand. When he has thus put on a first thin coating he takes lumps of tow, dips them in the plaster, and applies them to give greater strength and coherence to the whole. This

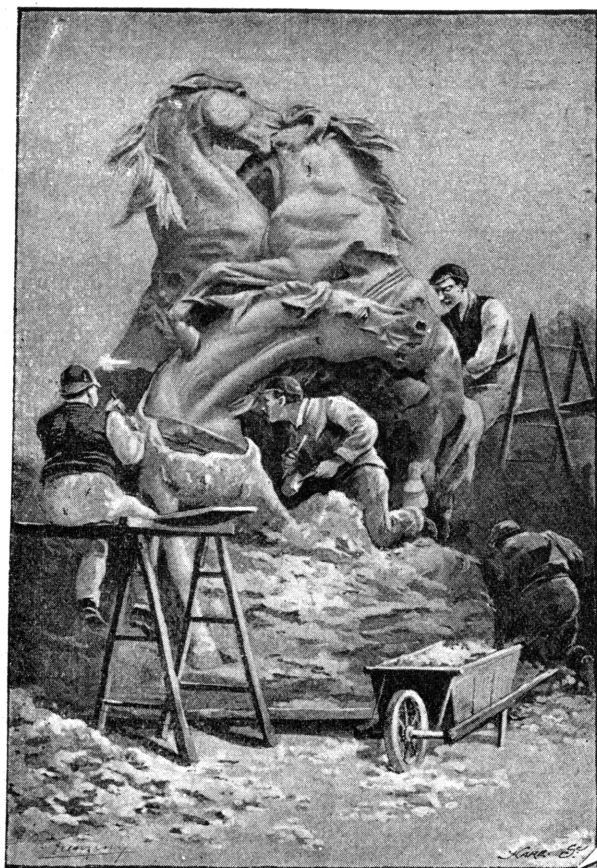
is done until the inner surface of the mould is covered of a uniform thickness of an inch and a half to two inches. Thus, bit by bit, the entire mould is put together, and gradually filled in until the last piece has been adjusted and the cast completed. The separate pieces are fixed firmly *in situ* by the application of plaster to the joints; but where there is any strain or extra pressure they are held together by strong iron struts and clamps.

The next and last operation consists in knocking away the mould and laying bare the cast. In order



TAKING OUT THE CLAY.

to do this, the moulder and his assistants go to work with mallet and chisel, beginning this time at the top and working downwards. When the iron struts and clamps have been removed, and the plaster holding the parts of the mould in position cut away, the mould itself easily comes off. The workmen are guided in this operation by the yellow colour of the mould. All the plaster of that tint has to be carefully cut away until the cast itself is reached. Portions, however, still remain in the hollows and undercuts, and these have to be deftly worked out with the proper tools. The process resembles nothing so much as digging out a huge fossil from its enclosing matrix, only a fossil is generally embedded in hard stone, while the cast is surrounded with soft plaster. At first the heads of the horses appear, then



KNOCKING OFF THE MOULD.

gradually the whole of their bodies, until the feet are reached, and the whole group is disclosed.

This is the state in which groups of this description are generally exhibited at the Academy and other exhibitions, for the simple reason that it would not pay to put them in bronze, except in the execution of a commission.

But the work is not allowed to leave the artist's hand just as it comes from the casting. He has still to go over it and carefully remove the seams, and make up any defects in the casting; or he may add to the work, or even change it in minor details. This done, the group is ready for exhibition, with the exception of one more final operation. That is, it has either to be bronzed, or tinted slightly with oil or yellowish clay water (according to the

effect desired to be produced), the dead whiteness of the plaster not being pleasant or natural to the eye.

In case the work be carried to completion in marble or bronze, other operations have to be gone through which it would take too long fully to describe in one article. In proceeding to execute a group or single figure in marble, the model of which has been prepared, the first thing requisite is to procure a block of marble as nearly as possible of the required size, and, so far as can be judged from the outside, without fault. The pointer then goes to work, and, as may be said, roughs out the figure. What he really does is to prepare the marble by means of his chisel and a "pointer"—a measuring instrument which, adjusted to the model, and thence transferred to the marble, enables him to get the relative prominence and bearing of each part. When the pointer has reached, as it were, the rough outline of the figure, he is followed by a carver, who carries the work a stage



TAKING MEASUREMENTS.

further, coming, perhaps, to within an eighth of an inch of what will be the actual surface of the figure or bust, if such it be, when finished, thus greatly lessening the mere mechanical part of the labour, while leaving the artist with ample material and scope for alterations. It is now that the actual work of the sculptor begins, and that those final and finishing touches are given that invest the stone, as it were, with the breath and vigour of life. To many it would appear that, when the carver has completed his work, the thing is perfect, and there is nothing more to be done. But this, in reality, is the point at which the true artist displays his greatest gift for expression. Frequently, of course, both the pointing and carving are done by the sculptor, although, if he have much work to do, it pays him to employ an Italian pointer and carver, and so save time. Indeed, a sculptor is not usually of much account if he cannot carry through every operation, from the making of the sketch model, through the stage of casting, and finally to completion in marble.

It should be said that occasionally, when a work is to be executed in marble, more

especially if the composition be very intricate, and has, in consequence, been modelled in wax, the casting of the model is obviated, the wax or clay model itself serving instead of the cast. This, however, is rare, on account of its inconvenience, because an important work is sometimes months, if not years, in operation, and if clay is used the model has either to be kept moist all the time, or else it has to be fired.

When, in place of being produced in marble, the work has to be cast in metal, the labours of another craftsman have to be called into requisition, those, namely, of the founder or metal caster, whose operations constitute an art, and a very beautiful one, in themselves. For this climate bronze is the chief material used for outdoor statues and monumental groups, marble being reserved for inside work, especially the beautiful Carrara, which quickly perishes when exposed to the weather. Greek marble (the finest and most expensive) is alike unsuitable for our rough climate. The blue Sicilian variety, however, is harder, and will stand exposure, and is therefore often used for monumental work intended for the open air.



A LIFE MODEL.

The Conscientious Burglar.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



GUY LETHBRIDGE had got into debt. That was reprehensible, of course ; but when we were *very* young, most of us did the same thing ; and in Guy's case, at least, there were extenuating circumstances. When a fellow's twenty-four, and has been brought up like a gentleman, he's apt to fall into the familiar fallacy that "we *must* live ;" and if he has nothing to live upon, why then he lives upon other people. Now, Guy Lethbridge was a painter, without visible means of support except his art ; and he glided into debt by a natural and easy transition which even that sternest of censors, the judge of the Bankruptcy Court, might well have condoned as next door to inevitable.

The facts of the case were these. Guy had gone over to Germany with a knapsack on his back, an easel in his hands, and a pipe and a few pounds in his trousers pocket. He had no friends to speak of in those days, for his father was dead, and his mother, good lady, in her lodgings in Bayswater,

could no more have sent her son a five-pound note from her slender pension, than she could have sent him the Koh-i-noor or the Order of the White Elephant. But Guy went abroad, none the less, with the reckless faith of the Salvationist or the impecunious artist. He meant to stay on the Rhine as long as his money lasted ; "and then, you know, my dear fellow, I can smuggle myself across anyhow, in a cattle boat or something ; and arrive with a sixpence and an immortal work at St. Catherine's Docks some fine summer day, at six o'clock in the morning." What a blessed thing it is, to be sure, to be born into this world with the easy-going, happy-go-lucky, artistic temperament !

So Guy went to Königswinter, with a glimpse by the way at Brussels, Aix, and Cologne ; and settled himself down, pipe, easel, and all, to summer quarters at the bright and sunny Berliner-Hof. There, he worked really hard, for he was no saunterer by nature ; his impecuniosity arose, strange to say, neither from want of industry nor want of talent, but from pure force of cir-

cumstances. There's no sillier blunder on earth, indeed, than to believe that if a man doesn't succeed in life he must needs be either an idler or a bungler. Only fools imagine that industry and ability can command success ; wise men know well that opportunity and luck count at least as equally important. Guy Lethbridge's time had not yet come. He painted all summer up and down the Rhine, making Königswinter his headquarters, and dropping down by boat or rail from day to day to various points on either bank that took his fancy. As for black and white, his quiver was full of them. The Drachenfels from the North, the Drachenfels from the South ; the Rheinsteine from above, the Rheinsteine from below, the Rheinsteine from St. Clement's—he sketched them



"WITH A KNAPSACK AND AN EASEL."

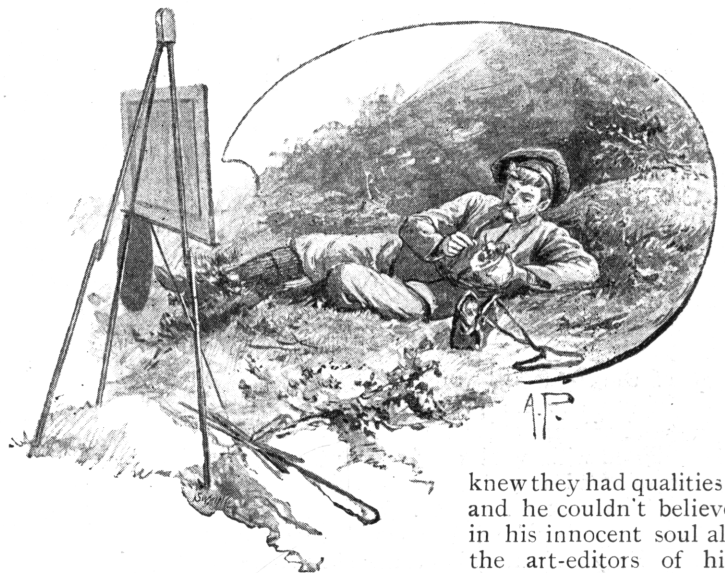
all till he was well nigh tired of them. Meanwhile, he worked steadily at his grand Academy picture of "The Seven Mountains from the Summit of the Petersberg." His plan of campaign, in short, was own brother to every other struggling young artist's. He meant to do "a lot of little pot-boilers for the illustrated magazines, don't you know, or the weekly papers," and to live upon those while he devoted his energies to the real Work of Art which was to raise him with a bound to the front rank of living painters. Wyllie had done it, you see, with his great Thames picture, so why shouldn't Guy Lethbridge? The Chantrey Bequest was meant on purpose for the encouragement of such works as the "Seven Mountains from the Summit of the Petersberg." The trustees were bound to buy it as soon as they saw it hung on the line at the Academy; for they are men of taste, and men of knowledge, and men of experience; and if they don't know a good thing when they see it, what's the use of an Academy, anyway, I ask you?

Incredible as it may seem, however, the pot-boilers failed to boil the pot. Guy sent his sketches, with elucidatory remarks, to the editors of nearly every illustrated paper in Great Britain and Ireland or the adjacent islands; who declined them with thanks, and with surprising unanimity. They were the same sketches, to be sure, which ran afterwards through eight numbers of a leading art review, and were then reproduced as an illustrated gift-book, which our most authoritative critic pronounced in *The Bystander* to be "the gem of the season." But *that* was after Guy Lethbridge became famous. At the time, those busy editors didn't look at the drawings at all, or, if they looked at them, observed with the weary sigh peculiar to the overworked editorial organism, "Ah, the Rhine again! Overdone, decidedly. The public won't stand any more Rhine at any price." For those were the days when there was a run on

the Thames and our domestic scenery; and everybody who was anybody lodged his easel in a houseboat.

Thus it gradually happened that while the Great Work progressed, the pipe got smoked out, and the pounds evaporated. Guy had lived sparingly at the Berliner-Hof—very sparingly indeed. He had breakfasted early on his roll and coffee; bought a penn'orth of bread and a bunch or two of grapes for his frugal lunch on the hills where he painted; and dined *à la carte*, when daylight failed, off the cheapest and most sustaining of the landlord's dishes. His drink was Bavarian beer, or more latterly, water; yet in spite of economy the marks slipped away with surprising nimbleness; and by the end of September, Guy woke up one morning without even the talisman of that proverbial sixpence which was to land him in safety at the Port of London.

He had delayed things too long; hoping against hope, he had believed to the last that the *Porte-Crayon* or the *Studio* must surely accept his graceful and easy Rhenish sketches. He knew they were clever; he



"LUNCH IN THE HILLS."

knew they had qualities; and he couldn't believe in his innocent soul all the art-editors of his country were an amalgamated pack of Banded

Duffers. Somebody must surely see merit at last in his "Royal Stolzenfels"; somebody must surely descry in the end the fantastic exuberance of his "Hundred-towered Andernach." So he waited and waited on, expecting every day some change in his fortunes, till the fatal moment at length arrived when he paid his last mark

for his lunch in the mountains, and found himself face to face with an empty exchequer, and nothing on earth to get back to England with.

It was a Wednesday when the fact of his utter penury forced itself finally upon him. He paid his bill by the week, and he had still till Monday next before he would stand in urgent need of money. Monday was pay-day, and his time would be up; it would then be either stump up or go; on Monday he must confront the last abyss of poverty.

To that extent only, Guy had got into debt. So I think you will admit with me his offence was a venial one. On Thursday he went to work on the Petersberg as usual. He was outwardly calm—but he ate no luncheon. In point of fact, he hadn't a pfennig to get one with. He might have asked for something at the hotel, and taken it with him to the hill-top; but that would have been a deviation from his ordinary routine; the "arrangement" at the Berliner-Hof included only the early coffee and a simple late dinner; and Guy felt that to ask for anything more in his present impecunious condition of pocket would be nothing short of robbing the landlord. He was robbing him as it was, to be sure; but then, that was inevitable: he didn't like to add by any unusual demand to the weight of his probably insoluble indebtedness.

On Friday morning he woke up ravenous. What was a roll and coffee to a vigorous young man like him, with yesterday's unappeased hunger still keenly whetting the edge of his appetite? Unsatisfied and despondent, he toiled up the Petersberg once more—not for such as him the aristocratic joys of the cog-wheel railway; and in the eye of the sun he painted all day with unabated ardour at his "Seven Mountains." He painted with wild energy, impelled by want of food and internal craving. It suited his theme. He got lights upon the Löwenburg that he never could have got after a hearty dinner; he touched in some autumn tints among the woods on the Drachenfels too poetical for a man who has eaten and drunk of German sausage and foaming Pilsener. At the same time, Guy was conscious to himself that hunger was rapidly turning him into a rabid Socialist. Hitherto, as becomes an artist, he had believed on the whole in our existing social and political institutions—baronial castles, lords and ladies gay in exquisitely paint-

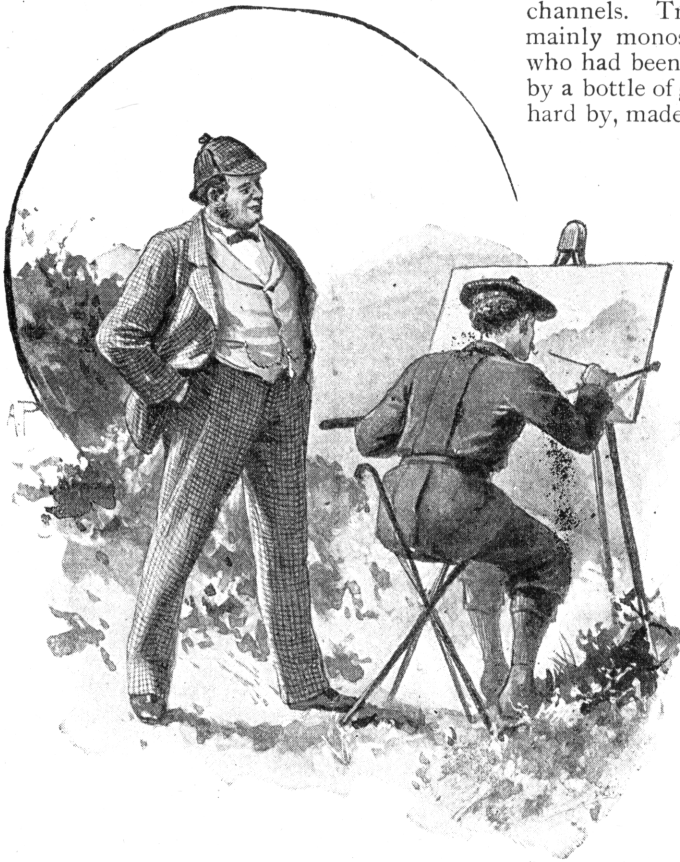
able silks and satins, the agreeable variety imparted to life by pleasing distinctions of rank and wealth, the picturesque rags and sweet tumble-down cottages of a contented peasantry. But now, when the unequal distribution of wealth began to affect him personally, he felt where the shoe pinched, and realised with a sudden revulsion of feeling that there was something rotten in the state of our Denmark. He said to himself more than once he wasn't one of your vile Radicals who want to upset everything—the Church, the throne, the peerage, the cathedrals, art, literature, and science, at one fell blow; but he certainly *would* like to see a fresh deal of the money.

Tourists strolled up, jingling the nickels in their pockets; they sat down at the terrace of the hotel on the hill-top—the inevitable "restauration" of every German point of view—and ordered beefsteaks and Rhine wine with a lordly carelessness which to Guy, in his present straits, seemed positively inhuman. Why should these pampered creatures thus flaunt their wealth before the eyes of more deserving though less successful fellow beings? To be sure, in the days of his own opulence, when he still had a five-pound note of his own in his pocket, Guy had often done the same sort of thing himself, and thought no ill of it. But hunger is a great teacher of advanced political economy to men. As he painted and starved, with the vision of Monday's bill floating ever before his eyes, Guy Lethbridge felt he was sinking by rapid and uncontrollable stages into abysses of pure unadulterated Communism.

Friday's dinner served only to make him feel more conscious than ever on Saturday of an aching void. He was tired as well as hungry when he reached the hill-top; his hand was far from being steady enough for purposes of painting. Nevertheless, he worked on, those autumn tints glowing brighter than ever as the afternoon wore away. About four o'clock, an Englishman, whom he had seen more than once at the Berliner-Hof, strolled casually up to him. Guy disliked that Englishman; he was tall and blustering, and had an ineffable air of wealthy insolence, which in Guy's present mood seemed peculiarly offensive to him. He was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every night off roast pheasant and Heidsieck's dry monopoly. But this afternoon he came up with his hands in his pockets, and inspected Guy's picture with the air of a connoisseur.

"Jolly good light on the Thingumbob-berg," he said, shutting one eye and surveying it critically. "You've caught the colour well. If you go on like that, in the course of a century or so you ought, I should say, to make a painter."

Guy was annoyed at the man for this complacent speech; for in his own opinion, though he was by no means conceited, he was a painter already. So he drew himself up and answered, stiffly, "I'm glad you like the light; I've spent some pains on it."



"JOLLY GOOD LIGHT ON THE THINGUMBOB-BERG."

"Pains!" the stranger echoed. "I should think you just had. It surprises me, the trouble you fellows will take over the corner of a picture. It's the right way, of course; that's how pictures are made; you can't make 'em any other way; but I couldn't do it, bless you—I'm such a jolly lazy beggar—fiddling and faddling for a week at a time over a tree or a trinket. I never did a stroke of work in my life, myself, and I admire you fellows who can; you must

have such a precious reserve of energy." And he took out a first-rate cigar from his case as he spoke, and proceeded, with elaborate dawdling, to light it. To Guy, whose poor pipe had been stopped for three weeks, the mere smell of that cigar was positive purgatory.

The stranger, however, was in no hurry to go. He sat down on a rock, and began conversing about Art, of which, indeed, Guy was forced somewhat grudgingly to admit he wasn't wholly ignorant. Little by little, after a while, the talk glided off into other channels. True, Guy's part in it was mainly monosyllabic; but the stranger, who had been put into conversational cue by a bottle of good wine at the restauration hard by, made up for all deficiencies on his neighbour's part by a very frank garrulousness. In the course of conversation, it gradually came out that the stranger was a landed proprietor of means, in the horsey interest. His talk was of races. He wondered fellows could spend such a lot of time doing a really good picture like that for a miserable hundred or so—how it made Guy's mouth water!—when he himself had won twenty ponies last week, over a special tip for the Leger, as easy as look at it. He went on to talk of so many winnings and so few losings, that Guy's newly-kindled democratic fire blazed up fiercer than ever.

That evening, at the Berliner-Hof, Guy watched the stranger from his modest table in the corner, hobnobbing over a couple of bottles of sparkling Moselle, with two German officers, whose acquaintance he had picked up quite casually in the restaurant. He was talking German fluently at the top of his voice, laughing loudly between whiles, and offering to bet everybody a hundred marks even, on whatever turned up, with hilarious inconsequence. A hundred marks would have relieved poor Guy from all his embarrassments. He was almost tempted to take the man on spec. more than once, and pocket it if he won, or

owe it, if he lost, to him. But that would be mean—nay, more, would be robbery.

Not such the stuff of which to make a successful burglar.

As Guy went upstairs to his room that night, he paused to ask the landlord the rich stranger's name. German as he was, the landlord gave it with the bated breath of an Englishman: "Sir Richard Lavers," he answered, in a most deferential tone. A man who can drink champagne like that, of course, secures the respect of every right-minded landlord.

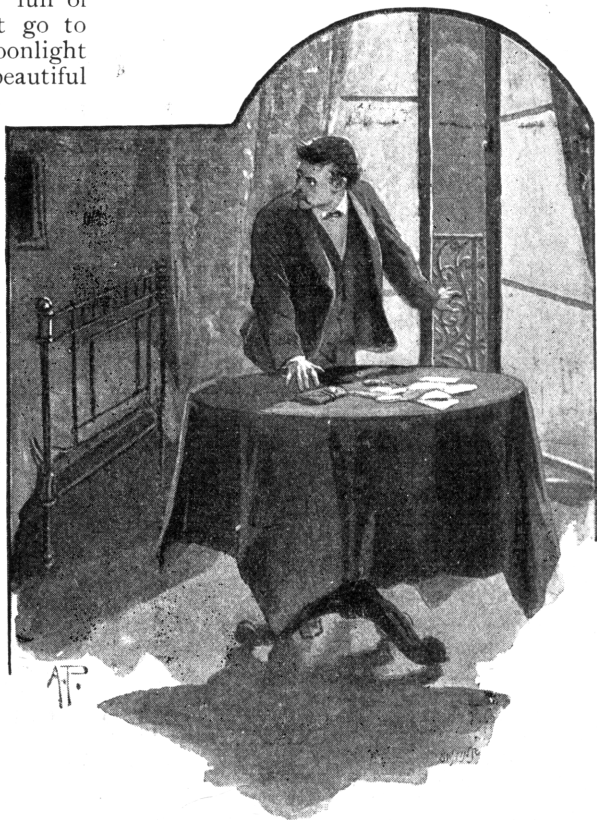
Guy sat up late in his room, full of mingled perplexities. He couldn't go to bed; but about half-past ten the moonlight on the river was so exquisitely beautiful that he stole down to the balcony on the first floor to admire it. He stood there long, making notes for future pictures. The balcony runs along the whole south side of the Berliner-Hof, looking out on the Rhine and the Seven Mountains. Guy paced it to the end about half-past eleven. The last window towards the west stood open down to the balcony; Guy glanced in as he passed, and heard loud, stertorous breathing. He recognised that stout snore. It was the English baronet's.

Some nameless curiosity made him peer into the bedroom. The moonlight was flooding it, so that he could see everything almost as well as if it had been day. In the corner stood the bed, and the stranger's clothes were flung carelessly on a chair; but on the table close by Guy observed, at a glance, his watch, a purse, a few tumbled papers.

That purse contained, no doubt, what remained of those ponies he had won on the St. Leger. It contained the ill-gotten wealth of those nights at the club, of whose baccarat he had spoken that afternoon with such unholy gusto. A loan of a fiver would just then be of incalculable benefit to Guy. When he sold the Seven Mountains for that paltry two hundred, as the baronet called it—though fifty pounds would have exceeded Guy's utmost expectations—he could repay the unwilling loan with twenty per cent. interest. To borrow in dire distress from a man who confesses he never did a stroke of honest work in his life,

and who lives like a canker on the earnings of the community, was surely no crime. It would do this fellow good to be stinted in his drink for three days in a week. Just a hundred marks! And he would never miss them!

The artistic temperament must not be judged too severely by the stern moralist. It acts upon impulse, and repents at leisure. Next moment, Guy found himself six paces in the room, his hand on the purse, his heart beating high, then standing still within him.



"HIS HAND ON THE PURSE."

He meant to open it and take out a hundred marks. He would pay his bill next day, set out for Cologne, and send Sir Richard a written acknowledgment of the sum abstracted. The fellow, though blustering, was good-humoured enough. He would understand this move; nay, sympathise with its boldness, its slight tinge of the adventurous.

Just as he thought this, the stertorous breathing grew suddenly less regular. Something turned heavily in the bed in the corner. It was now or never—and the

purse wouldn't open! It had one of these nasty new-fangled clasps. Why do people always try to make life more complex for us? Do what he would, he couldn't open it. More rustling in the bed; Guy grew nervous and ashamed. Great heavens! What was this? The man would awake, and take him for a burglar!

And a burglar he was, in truth and deed! As he realised that idea he recoiled with horror.

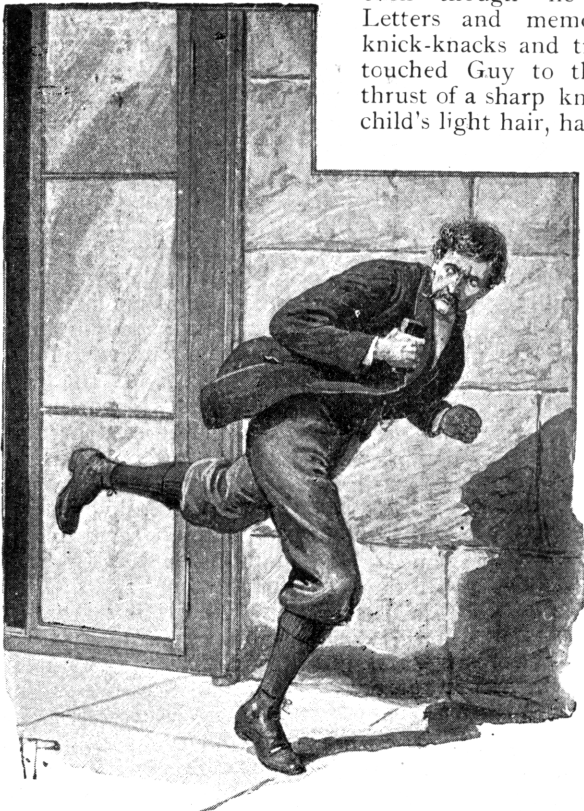
Before he could collect himself, however; before he could draw back from this half-uncompleted crime; before he could let conscience get the better of impulse—why, the man in the bed gave another sharp turn, and, scarcely knowing what he did, Guy, instead of dropping the incriminating purse, clutched it tight in his hand, and darted back on to the balcony. Thence, maddened by the wild sense of someone unseen pursuing him, he dashed away to the passage door, along the dim, dark corridor, stumbled up the great stairs, and groped his way, in an agony of horror, into his own bedroom.

Once arrived there, he locked and double-locked the door, flung that hateful purse on the table in the dark, and sank on to the sofa in a tumult of remorse, alarm, and terror. If he hadn't been an artist, indeed, he would never have dreamt in the first instance of taking it. It was that impulsive artistic nature that misled him into translating his new political theories from the domain of abstract hypothesis to the solid region punishable by the Revised Criminal Code of Germany.

For many minutes he sat there, wondering, doubting, fearing: had the man in the bed perceived him? had he recognised who it was? would he raise the whole house against the amateur burglar? And, oh, whatever came of it, let consequences alone, what hateful thing was this he had been so hastily led into? He held his brow in his hands and looked blankly into the dark. He felt himself a thief! He despised his own act with all the contempt and loathing of which his nature was capable.

At last he summoned up courage to light the candle, and in a mechanical sort of way, out of pure curiosity, began to examine the contents of the purse he had stolen. Worse and worse! This was horrible! German gold, English bank-notes, letters of credit, foreign bills of exchange, bankers' cheques—untold wealth in every form and variety of currency. The man must have carried some seven or eight hundred pounds about his person. And that wasn't all either. There were letters in the purse, too—letters which, of course, Guy couldn't dream of looking at; for he was a gentleman still, even though he was a criminal. Letters and memoranda, and little knick-knacks and trinkets, and—what touched Guy to the heart like the thrust of a sharp knife—one lock of a child's light hair, half-protruding from

a paper. Stung with worse remorse than before, the conscience-stricken burglar bundled them back into the purse, feeling hot in the face at this unwarrantable intrusion on another man's privacy. To effect an involuntary loan upon a sleeping fellow-citizen, overburdened with too much wealth, and unduly surfeited with more than his share of our unearned increment, seemed to Guy in his pre-



"HE DASH-ED AWAY."

sent communistic mood a very small matter ; but to go prying into another man's letters, his documents, his keepsakes, his most sacred deposits—that was unpardonable crime, which his very soul shrank from.

It was impossible for him, then, to keep Sir Richard's belongings. He began to reflect with deep regret on the inconvenience it would cause any man to be suddenly deprived, at a single swoop, of eight hundred pounds, his passport, and his visiting cards. For it was a big, fat purse, of most capacious dimensions ; and it contained almost everything of a mercantile or identificatory nature which Sir Richard took about with him. Besides, there were the letters, the lock of hair, the knick-knacks. To hit a fellow in the purse is all very well in its way, but to hit him in the affections is unjustifiable meanness. Come what might, Guy felt there was but one thing now left for it. He must go straight downstairs again, in spite of shame or exposure, and restore that purse, ill-gotten gains and all, to that blood-sucker of an evil and inequitable social system, its lawful owner.

He opened the door once more, and peered out grimly into the passage. With head on one side, he strained his ear and listened. Not a sound in the house ; not a creature stirring anywhere. With the purse in one hand, while he held his beating heart to keep it still in the other, Guy crept along the dark passage, and stole stealthily down the stairs, that creaked as he went with those pistol-shot creaks peculiar to stairs in the night when you're trying to tread softly. In the corridor below he could see his way better, for the moonlight from the open window at the end of it guided him. He stepped out on to the balcony, and walked with a throbbing breast to Sir Richard's window. Oh, mercy ! it was closed. No chance of restitution. He tried it with his hand ; it was fastened from within. The sleeper must have risen, roused by his flight, and shut it.

For a minute or two Guy hesitated. Should he rap at the panes, and try to attract the man's attention ? But no ; to do that would be to expose himself unnecessarily to assault and battery ; and if purses are sacred, our persons are surely a great deal sacreder. After a brief debate on the balcony in the cold, Guy came to the conclusion that it would be wisest now to return to his own room and wait for the morning before making restitution.

He didn't undress that night ; he flung

himself on the bed, and tossed and turned in a fever of doubt till morning. Very early he rose up, and washed and dressed himself. Then, as soon as he thought there was any chance of Sir Richard being about, he walked boldly down the stairs, and, with trembling steps, made for the man's bedroom.

He knocked at the door twice, rather loudly. No answer. Was the fellow asleep still, then ? Hadn't he dozed off the effects of that sparkling Moselle yet ? Guy knocked a third time, still louder than before, and got no response. He turned the handle slightly, and peeped into the room. The bed was empty. Sir Richard must be up, and must have missed his money.

With heart on fire, the unhappy young burglar hurried down the front stairs, expecting to find the police already on his track. The man must have missed his purse, and risen early in search of it ! As he went, a jovial voice sounded loud in the office. "It's my own fault, of course," the voice was saying, good-humouredly, in very bluff English. "I don't blame anybody else for it. I'm afraid I got a little too much of that jolly good Moselle of yours on board last night, Herr Landlord ; and the German officers and I took to bally-ragging in the billiard-room ; and by the time I went to bed, I don't deny I was a trifle top-heavy. But I wanted to pay my bill and go off this morning, for I have a serious appointment on Monday in London. It's awkward, very."

The landlord was profuse in his protestations and apologies. Such a thing had never happened in his house before. He couldn't understand it. He would communicate with the police, and do everything in his power to have the purse recovered. Furthermore, if Sir Richard wished to go to London, the landlord (rubbing his hands) had known him so long and so well, it would give him the greatest pleasure on earth to let the bill stand over and to lend him twenty pounds till the cash was restored and the thief was punished.

"I don't say there's any thief, though, mind you," the jovial voice responded most candidly. "I expect it was all my own stupid carelessness. I'm such an ass of a fellow always for leaving money about ; and as likely as not I pulled the thing out with my handkerchief in the billiard-room. I don't doubt it'll turn up, sooner or later some day, when you're cleaning

the house up. If it don't"—the jovial voice sank for a moment to a lower key—"it's not so much the money itself I mind—that's only a few hundred pounds, and some circular notes which can't be negotiated—it's the letters and papers and private mementos. There were things in that purse"—and the voice still sank lower to an unexpected softness—"that I wouldn't have lost—well, not for a good many thousands."

Guy's heart smote him at those words with poignant remorse. He thought of the child's hair, and blushed crimson with shame. Erect and solemn he strode into the office. "Sir Richard Lavers," he said slowly, "I want to speak with you alone one moment in the salon."

"Eh?" Sir Richard said sharply, turning round. "Oh, it's you. Why, certainly." And he followed the painter into the room with a somewhat sheepish air, like a detected felon.

Guy shut the door tight. Then he laid down that cursed thing with a shudder on the table. "There's your purse," he said curtly, without one word of explanation.

Sir Richard looked at it with distinct pleasure. "You picked it up," he said, smiling.

"No," Guy answered, disdaining to tell a lie; "I stole it."

Sir Richard sat down on a chair, with his hands on his knees, and stared at him curiously for ninety seconds. Then he burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, much amused, "Well, anyhow, there's no reason to pull such a long face about it."

Guy dropped into a seat opposite him, and told him all his tale, extenuating nothing, in frank self-accusation. Sir Richard listened intent, with a smile on his

mouth and a twinkle in his eyes of good-natured acquiescence.

"Then it was you who woke me up," he said, "when I went to shut the window. Well, you're a deuced brave chap, that's all I've got to say, to come this morning and tell me the truth about it. Why didn't you say you picked it up in the passage? I led up to it straight. That's what beats me utterly!"

"Because it would have been a lie," Guy answered frankly. "And I'd rather own up than tell you a lie about it."

Sir Richard opened the purse and turned the things over carefully. "Why, it's all here right enough," he said, in a tone of bland surprise. "You haven't taken anything out of it!"

"No, of course not," Guy replied, almost smiling, in spite of himself, at the man's perfect naïveté.

Sir Richard eyed him hard with a curiously amused glance. "But, I say, look here, you know," he remonstrated, quietly; "you are a precious inefficient sort of burglar, aren't you? You won't have anything now to pay your bill with on Monday." For Guy had not concealed from him the plain reason for his onslaught upon the sacred



"THERE'S YOUR PURSE."

rights of property.

"No, I must do without as best I can," Guy answered, somewhat glum. For he stood still face to face with that original problem.

Sir Richard stared at him once more with that same curious expression. "Tell me," he said, after a short pause, "did you look at any of the letters or things in this pocket-book?"

"Not one," Guy answered honestly, with the ring of truth in his voice. "I saw they

were private, and I abstained from touching them. Only," he added, after a second's hesitation, "I couldn't help seeing there was a lock of light hair in a paper in one place. And of that, I felt sure, it would be wicked to deprive you."

The baronet said nothing. He only gazed at his man fixedly. A suspicion of moisture lurked in his blue eyes. "Well, as long as I've got the papers," he murmured at last, after a long pause, "I don't mind about the tin. That was really a secondary consideration."

"And now," Guy said sturdily, "if you'll send for the police and tell the landlord, I'll give myself into custody on the charge of robbery."

Sir Richard rose and fronted him. For one moment he was serious. "Now, look here, young man," he said, with an air of paternal wisdom, "don't you go and be a something-or-other fool. Don't say one word of this to the landlord or anybody. You are a deuced clever fellow, and you can paint like one o'clock. That's a precious good thing of yours, that view of the ramshackled old Schloss on the Drachenfels. You're sure to rise in the end; you've the right cut of the jib for it. Now, you take my advice, and keep this thing quiet. If *you* don't peach of it, *I* won't—word of honour of a gentleman. And if you'll allow me, I'll lend you fifty pounds. You can pay me back right enough when you're elected to the Academy."

Guy Lethbridge's face grew red as fire. That the man should forgive him was bad enough in all conscience, but that he should offer him a loan was really dreadful. It's all very well for a virtuous citizen to relieve the overweening aristocrat of his superfluous wealth with the high hand of confiscation; but to take it as a gift from him—for a gift it would practically mean—and that at the very moment when one had to acknowledge an attempted crime, revolted every sentiment of Guy Lethbridge's nature.

He drew back with a stammered "No, thank you. It's very kind of you, but—of course, I couldn't." And then there arose between them the most comic episode of expostulation and persuasion that the rooms of the Berliner-Hof had ever yet witnessed. The baronet almost lost his temper over the young man's obstinacy. It was ridiculous, he urged, for any gentleman not to accept a loan of fifty pounds from a well-

disposed person in a moment of emergency. A fellow who could paint like *that* could never want long; and as for the passing impulse which had led Guy to take charge of the purse for an hour or two—why, the upshot showed it was *only* a passing impulse; and weall make mistakes in moments of effusion, late at night, after dining. Besides, a man in Guy's position must be really hard up, and no mistake, before he thinks of relieving other people of their purses. And when a fellow's hard up, well, hang it all, my dear sir, you can't blame him for deviating into eccentric action. As for the fifty pounds, if Guy didn't take it, it'd go upon a horse, no doubt, or a supper at the Gaiety, or something equally foolish. Let him be sensible and pocket it; no harm in a loan; and to be quite frank, Sir Richard said, he thought better of him for owning up to his fault so manfully, than he'd have thought of him if he'd never yielded at all to temptation.

Guy stood firm, however, and refused to the bitter end.

Sir Richard consulted his watch.

"Hullo," he said, starting, "I can't stand here squabbling over fifty pounds with you all the morning. I've got to catch the 9.25 to Cologne; my things are all packed; I must have my coffee. Now, before I go, for the last time, will you or won't you accept that little loan from me? Mind, you're a conscientious kind of chap, and your bill's due on Monday. You've got no right to defraud your landlord when a friend's prepared to help you tide over this temporary difficulty."

That was a hard home thrust. Guy admitted the logic of it. But he stood by his guns still, and shook his head firmly. All sense of sullenness and defiance was gone from him now. The man's genuine kind-heartedness and sympathy had conquered him. "Sir," he cried, wringing his new friend's hand with unaffected warmth, "you're a brick; and you make me ashamed of myself. But *please* don't press it upon me. I *couldn't* take it now. Your kindness has broken me." And he burst into tears with a sudden impulse as he rushed to the window to hide his emotion.

Sir Richard hummed an air and left the salon abruptly. Guy went up to his own room, locked himself in all alone, and had a bad half-hour of it with his own conscience. He was roused from his reverie at the end of that time by a double knock at the door. It was the German waiter. "Wit' Sir



"HE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW.

Richard's compliments," he said, handing a letter to Guy. The painter tore the envelope open. It contained—fifty pounds in English bank notes, and accompanying them this surprising letter:—

"DEAR MR. LETHBRIDGE,—You *must* accept enclosed few notes as a loan for the present. You see, the fact is, I'm not a baronet at all, but a bookmaker and bank swindler. The letters you didn't examine in my purse would have put the police on my track; and I therefore regard this trifling little sum as really due to you. You need have no compunction about taking it, for it isn't mine, and you can't possibly return it to its proper owner. Take it without a scruple, and settle your bill—you can repay me whenever you next meet me. You're a long sight a better man than I am, anyhow.—Yours faithfully,

"RICHARD LAVERS."

Guy crumpled it up in his hand with an impatient gesture. Take a swindler's money! Inconceivable! Impossible! He

seized his hat in his haste, and rushed down to the office.

"Where's he gone?" he cried to the landlord.

And the landlord, taking his sense, answered promptly—

"To the station."

Guy tore down the road, and rushed into the building just as the Cologne train was steaming out from the platform. He ran along its side, disregarding the vehement expostulations of portly, red-banded German officialdom. Soon he spied the dubious baronet alone in a first-class compartment. Crumpling the notes into a pellet, he flung them back at him fiercely.

"How could you?" he cried, all on fire. "More than ever, now, when I know who you are, I can't touch those notes—I can't look at your money!"

In another second that jovial face leaned, all smiles, out of the window.

"You confounded fool!" the loud voice burst forth merrily, "you're the hardest chap to befriend I ever yet came across. Do you think, if what I said in that letter was true, I'd be ass enough to confess it—and in writing too—to a casual acquaintance? Take your tennis-ball back again!" and the pellet hit Guy hard on the cheek at the words. "Settle your bill like a

man; and if ever you want to pay me back in return, you can find my address any day in Debrett or Foster."

By this time even Sir Richard's stentorian voice was almost past bawling-point. There was nothing left for it now but to pick up the notes and return to the Berliner-Hof. Though whether he should use them or not to pay his bill was a point of casuistry he had still to debate upon.

Next morning's post, however, brought him a note from Cologne, which placed the whole question in an unexpected light for him:—

"DEAR MR. LETHBRIDGE,—We've both been fools. My ruse was a silly one. How extraordinary the right way out of this little difficulty didn't at once occur to me! I was awfully taken by your picture of the ramshackled old Schloss; in fact, I thought when I could look up its price in the Academy catalogue I'd probably buy it, if it wasn't too dear for me. But the heat of the moment put this idea altogether out of my head. Shall we say



"HE FLUNG THEM BACK."

£200 as the price of the picture? the balance to be paid on delivery in London. Now think no more of the rest, and remain well assured that if ever this little

episode gets abroad in the world it will *not* be through the instrumentality of — Yours very sincerely,

"RICHARD LAVERS."

Sir Richard has settled down now as a respectable county member; and, except when occasionally exhilarated with champagne, is really a most useful pillar of society. He's very proud of a picture in his dining-room of Sorrento from the Castellammare-road—a companion-piece to that exquisite autumnal view of the ruin on the Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains. Both are from the brush of that rising young Associate, Mr. Guy Lethbridge, whom Sir Richard discovered and introduced to the great world; but the frame of the Sorrento bears a neat little inscription:—"For Sir Richard Lavers, from his ever

grateful and affectionate friend, the painter." The owner has been offered five hundred down for the Drachenfels more than once—and has refused the offer.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN,
BART., M.P.

BORN 1838.



HE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, BART., M.P., was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, and is the only son of the late Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B., and of Hannah More Macaulay, the

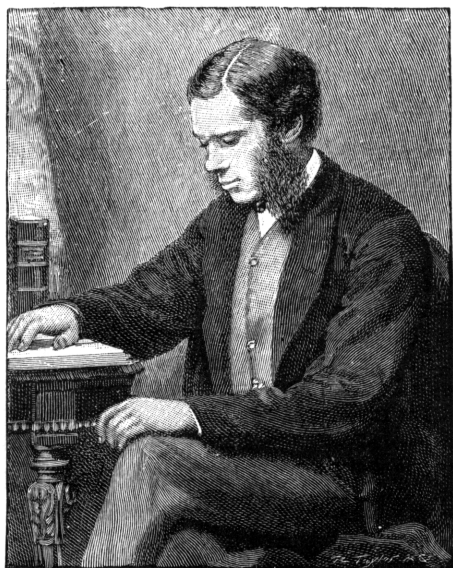


From a Photo. by]

AGE 37.

[Alex. Bassano.

he succeeded Lord Frederick Cavendish as Chief Secretary for Ireland, a post which he retained through two most trying years. In 1886 he disagreed with the Prime Minister's proposed scheme for Ireland, and lost his seat, but was elected in the year following at Bridgeton as a Gladstonian Liberal.



From a]

AGE 27.

[Photograph.

sister of Lord Macaulay. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity, Cambridge, where he took the fine degree of second classic. In 1865, at the age at which our first portrait represents him, he was elected to Parliament as member for Tynemouth in the Liberal interest. In the same year appeared his well-known book descriptive of the Indian Mutiny, "Cawnpore." His "Letters of a Competition Wallah" had been reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* the year before. In 1875, at the age depicted in our second portrait, he was engaged in preparing his admirable "Life and Letters" of his celebrated uncle, which appeared in the following year. In 1880



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Alex. Bassano.



From a Painting by]

AGE 12.

[Langton.

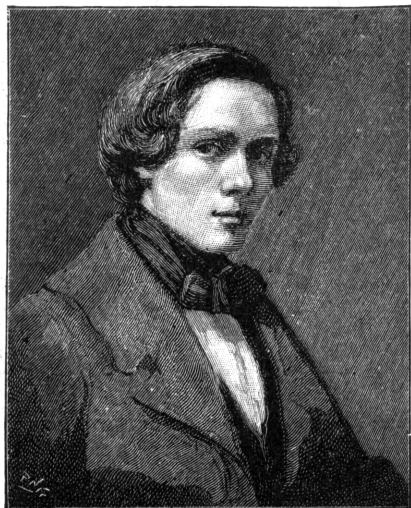
W. P. FRITH, R.A.

BORN 1819.



R. WILLIAM POWELL

FRITH was born at Studley, near Ripon, and at sixteen entered Sass's academy. At nineteen he painted, among other pictures, a very fine portrait of himself,



From a Painting by]

AGE 19.

[W. P. Frith.

which we have here the pleasure of reproducing. At the very early age of twenty-seven he was elected an A.R.A., becoming an R.A. at thirty-three, by which time his realistic and dramatic power had made him

perhaps the most widely popular of all English artists. His "Coming of Age," "Ramsgate Sands," "The Railway Station," and "The Derby Day," are known by engravings from castle to cottage throughout the land. When "The Derby Day" was exhibited at the Royal Academy it had



From a Painting by]

AGE 36.

[Augustus Egg, R.A.

to be protected from the pressure of the crowd by a barrier—the first occasion in which such a precaution was required. Mr. Frith's admirable "Reminiscences" have placed him at the head of living writers of autobiographies.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 72.

[Widdowson & Co.]



AGE 31.
(From a Photo. by Earl,
Worcester.)

B. W. LEADER,
A.R.A.
BORN 1831.



R. BEN-
JAMIN
WILLIAMS
LEADER,
son of the late

Mr. E. Leader Williams, C.E., was born at Worcester, and received his earliest instruction in art at the School of Design in that city. At twenty-three he was admitted as a student in the Royal Academy, and in the same year exhibited his first picture, "Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles," which was bought by an American connoisseur for £80. Two years later he visited Scotland for the first time, since which he has become one of the most popular delineators of mountain scenery, Wales and Switzerland, as well as the Highlands, being his favourite sketching-grounds. His pictures, of which the subjects are most frequently the wild mountain pass, the common, and the lake, are often darkened with the shadows of evening or



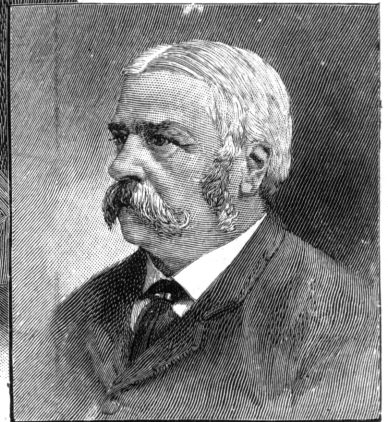
AGE 19.
(From a Photograph.)

of the thunder cloud, or are dyed with all the colours of the setting sun. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1883, and has been an annual exhibitor ever since 1856. Among his most important works may be mentioned "A Moated



AGE 41.
(From a Photo. by Thrup,
Birmingham.)

Grange," 1868; "The Streams through the Birch Wood," 1871;



PRESENT DAY.
(From a Photo. by Bennett & Sons, Worcester.)

"Wild Waters," 1875; "The Last Gleam," 1879; "February Fill-dyke," 1881; "With Verdure Clad," 1886, his largest picture. In the present Royal Academy, "A Surrey Sand-pit" and "Conway Bay" are excellent examples of his powers.

MISS LILY HANBURY.

MISS LILY HANBURY, with whose appearance as *Lady Windermere* most playgoers are by this time familiar, and to whom we are here indebted for a charming page of portraits, was born in



From a Photo. by] AGE 2. [Debenham, Regent-street, W.

London, and made her first appearance when she was fifteen years old in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "*Pygmalion and Galatea*," in which she played *Myrine*. Her next en-



From a] AGE 7. [Photograph.



AGE 15.

Photographed at the Princess's Studio, Oxford-street, W.

gagement was with Mr. Thomas Thorne, in 1889, with whom she stayed until the autumn of 1890, playing in all his productions at the Vaudeville. She then went on tour with him for six weeks, after which she joined Mr. Wilson Barrett for his



From a Photo by] PRESENT DAY [W. & D. Downey.

season at the Olympic, during which period she played eight or nine parts. She then went to Terry's Theatre for a summer season, and played in the triple bill *Mrs. Hemmerson* in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's comedieta "*A Commission*." Then she went for a short tour with Mr. George Alexander, returning with him to the St. James's Theatre last autumn.



From a Drawing. AGE 30.

SIR HENRY PARKES.

BORN 1815.



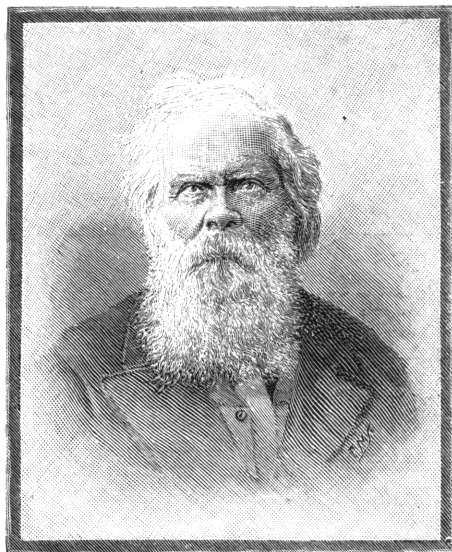
SIR HENRY PARKES, Prime Minister of New South Wales, was the son of a Warwickshire farmer, and was born at Stoneleigh. At twenty-four he emigrated to Australia, and for some time worked as an ordinary farm labourer, but when about thirty-five he started *The*



From a Drawing by [M. Penstone.] AGE 65.

Empire, a daily newspaper, and a few years later was elected to the Legislative Council. His political life was brilliant, and in 1872 he became Premier for the first time. He has now been at the head of a Government more times, and longer, than any man alive, except Mr. Gladstone. But it is not only as the most conspicuous figure in Australian politics that Sir Henry Parkes is remarkable. His seventy-seven years weigh lightly upon him—this old political general, with his long white beard and white hair

crowning his forehead and falling down upon his shoulders. His house in Balmain, Sydney, Hampton Villa, is an old stone building, surrounded by trees, on a neck of land jutting into Johnston's Bay. As a conversationalist he is deeply interesting—full of literary reminiscences; at one time he is walking with Tennyson, at another chatting with Browning in his



From a Photo. by [Charlemont & Co., Sydney.] AGE 77.

lodgings in London, at breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, dining with the President of the American Republic or with the King and Queen of the Belgians, or chatting at a blazing fire with Thomas and Jane Carlyle. To Sir Henry, Carlyle wrote: "I am greatly pleased with your calm, quiet, lucid, and honest speeches, and with all the useful and manful labour you have so successfully gone through for one of the most sacred interests of human affairs." This remark refers to Sir Henry's efforts in the cause of education in Australia. His talk bristles with "wise saws and instances," and the fiery element that breathes in his speeches has been kindled by Lowell, Browning, and Tennyson. He is now writing a book which, when published, will, it is predicted, make him for many years the most discussed man in Australia, and perhaps one of the most notable in the British Empire. His two Russian cats, which purr about his legs, and his large and varied collection of pet animals, are his sole recreation.



From a]

AGE 21.

[Photograph.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

BORN 1829.



R. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, whose charming songs have been for many years so popular in every drawing-room and concert-hall in the kingdom, was born at Hamburg on October 4, 1829; and, having shown precocious signs of musical



From a]

AGE 30.

[Photograph.

talents, was trained at first under Grund in his native city, and then under Von Bocklet and Sechter at Vienna. At seventeen he removed to Paris, in order to study under Hertz at the Conservatoire, where he attained his extraordinary proficiency in pianoforte playing. Two years later he took up his permanent residence in London, where he has ever since resided, with

occasional visits to a house which he possessed at Montreux. He early had the honour of being selected as pianist to the Queen, and soon became known as a very fashionable teacher; while his fame as a composer was continually increasing. Of all his songs, perhaps "The Message" has been the most widely and justly popular; though, indeed, he is a composer whose work can never be anything but brilliant and effective. We are happy to be able to place before our



[From a Photo. by]

AGE 39.

[Suscipij, Rome.

readers, in the following pages, a song—"Wilt Thou Understand?"—written by Mr. Blumenthal especially for this magazine, and which, we hope, will prove as popular as any of the beautiful melodies which have made his name a household word.



From a Photo by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Vianelli, Venice.



Written by G. M. G.

Music composed by JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Andante. *p* *Espressivo.*

Andante. *pp* *pp e legato.* If now I

Soave e cantabile. *pp* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *p* *Cantabile.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

V

sing, though all the world be there, Praise to de-clare, The

Cantabile.

Ped. *

while their thoughts run out like sand— And in the mu - sic all my soul up-spring : But what I

Cantabile.

sing, But what I sing, Thou, . . . wilt thou un - der-stand? But what I

accel. *ritard.* *a tempo.* *f*

f accel. *ritard.* *a tempo.* *f*

sing, But what I sing, Thou, thou, wilt thou

ff *accel.* *ritard. molto.*

ff accel. *ff ri - tar -*

Ped. *

un - - der - stand?

p a tempo.

p *p Soave.* *pp* *ritard.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

a tempo. pp

Then, while I sing, come thou where none can see, And steal - fast-

a tempo. pp
Legato.

*Ped. ** *pp Cantabile.*

mf *crescendo.*

ly Gaze in my eyes, and mute - ly stand: The soul of all my song shall meet thine

crescendo.



f *accl.* *ritard.*

own, And thou a - lone, And thou a - lone, a - lone, . . . Shalt hear and un - der -

Cantabile.

poco accel. *f* *ritard.*

ff *Appassionato.* *ff* *poco accel.*

stand; And thou a - lone, And thou a - lone, And thou, . . . thou a -

f *Appassionato e sempre crescendo.* *f* *poco accel.*

ff *ri - tar - dan - do molto.*

lone, Shalt hear and un - - - - - der - stand.

ff *ri - tar - dan - do.* *a tempo.* *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

p *rit.* *ritardando.* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

SUN-DIAL



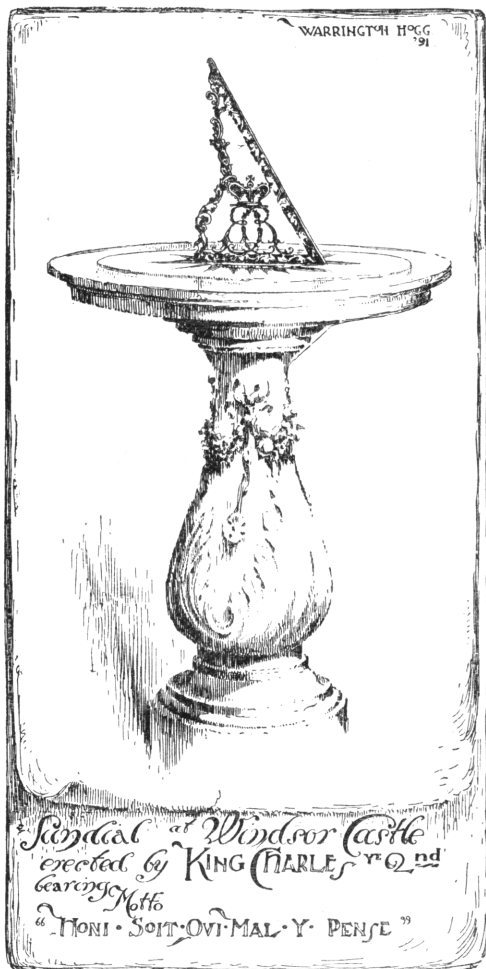
One FACT that sundials will soon beathing completely of the past, and the interest which attaches to their usually beautiful forms

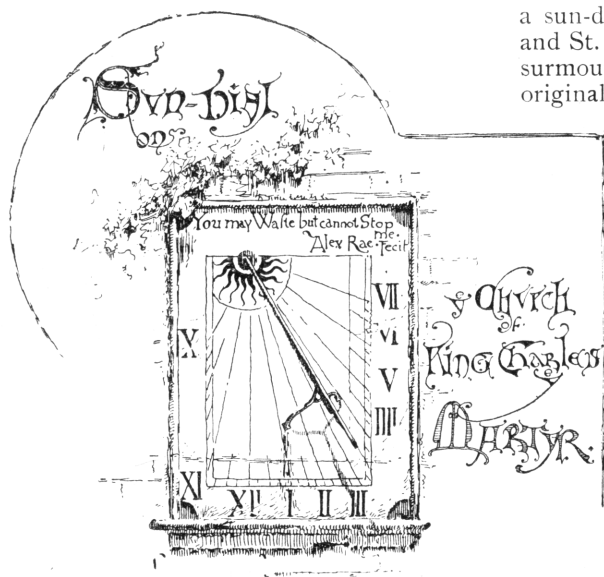
and their quaint mottoes, makes one wish to put on record at least a few of those that may still be found in out-of-the-way places—sometimes perched aloft on crumbling porches, sometimes hidden away in old-world gardens.

Through the courtesy of General the Hon. Sir J. C. Cowell, K.C.B., and with the kindly help of Mr. Nutt, the well-known architect of Windsor, I have been enabled to give to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a presentment of a Royal sun-dial, which stands on the east terrace in Her Majesty's private gardens at Windsor Castle. It was erected by Charles II., was designed and carved by the famous Grinling Gibbons, and its gnomon—which is an especially beautiful one—bears the King's monogram and crown. The dial-plate is graven with the Star of the Garter, with its motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and with the maker's name, "Henricus Wynne, Londinii, fecit."

At Tunbridge Wells, on the Church of King Charles the Martyr, painted on a board, and in excellent preservation, within shadow of "Ye Pantiles," where walked and talked good old Dr. Johnson, Beau Nash, Cumberland the dramatist, and their following, will be found a dial bearing the motto "You may waste, but cannot stop me"; below it is the maker's name,

Alex. Rae, but it is not dated. At Ferox Hall, Tonbridge, beneath the shadow of a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, more than four hundred years old, and almost





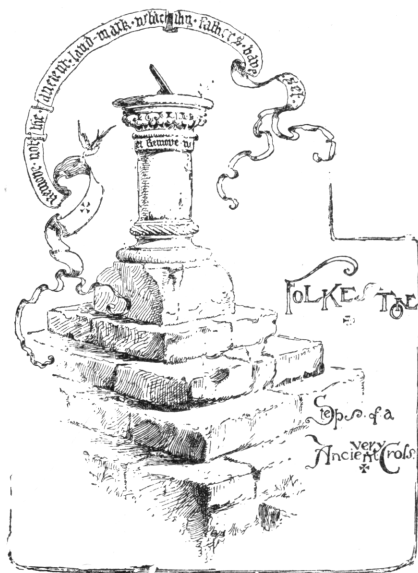
a sun-dial in the churchyard of St. Mary and St. Eanswythe, Folkestone. The shaft surmounts four very ancient steps, which originally belonged to the Town Cross, beneath which in ages past, according to the old charter of the Corporation, the Mayor was annually elected. The old horn which was blown on these occasions to summon the people together still exists, and is to be found hung above the Mayoral Chair in the Town Hall; it was one of the treasures lent to the Royal Naval Exhibition just closed.

Fifteen miles over the hills brings us to Canterbury, which possesses several dials, chief amongst which, perhaps, is the one in the public garden called "The Dane John." It stands

smothered with ivy (which rendered it a somewhat difficult matter to make a sketch at all), is a very old dial placed upon two stones; it is excellent in design, and the great tree's shelter has preserved it almost

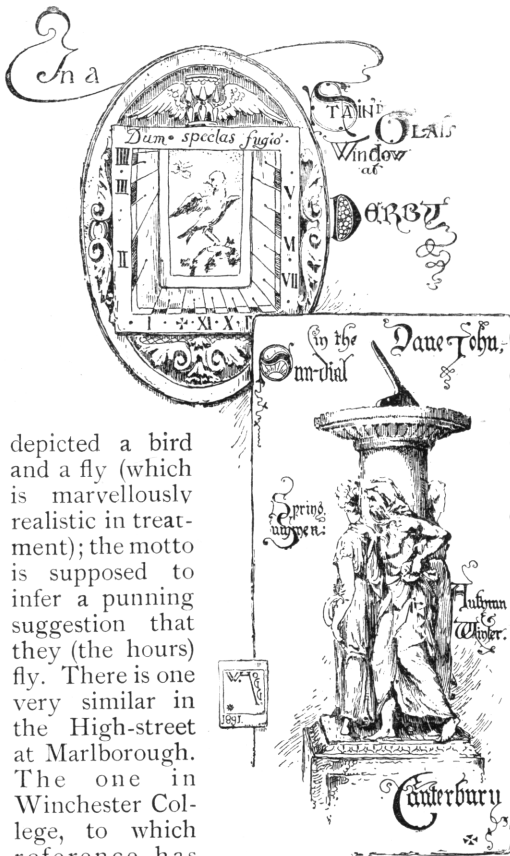


intact from the ravages of time. "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set" is carved in Gothic lettering around the stone shaft of



some seven or eight feet high, and round its shaft are four figures typical of the seasons.

The dial (a drawing of which is given) in the stained glass window in the private office of E. S. Johnson, Esq., at Derby, is a modern but very fine one; it is an exact copy, painted in 1888, by Frederick Drake, of the Close, Exeter, the glazier to the Cathedral, who painted it from one taken out of an old manor house in Devonshire, dated 1660. The motto is "Dum spectas fugio" (While thou lookest I fly). Below is



depicted a bird and a fly (which is marvellously realistic in treatment); the motto is supposed to infer a punning suggestion that they (the hours) fly. There is one very similar in the High-street at Marlborough. The one in Winchester College, to which reference has previously been made, is very like it in design. The same inscription with date 1739 is to be seen on the dial which surmounts a pillar in a garden at Rotherham; it is also to be seen on an old entrance to one of the canons' houses at Exeter, again at King's Lynn, at Ripley, and on Ingleton Church, Yorkshire.

In the picturesque old town of Rye, on a vertical dial (now upon the Town Hall), which was taken from the old Grammar School, when the windows were altered in the Jubilee year, are the mottoes—

"The solar shadow as it measures life,
It life resembles too."

and—

"Tempus edax rerum"
(Time, the devourer of all things).

Bishop Edmund Redyngton wrote the following quaint distiches, A.D. 1665, for a dial at Addington, Kent:—

Amydst y^e fflowres
I tell y^e houres.
Tyme wanes awaye
As fflowres decaye.

Beyond y^e tombe
Ffreshe fflowrets bloome.
Soe man shall ryse
Above y^e skyes.

In the churchyard of the fine old Perpendicular church at Headcorn, Kent, built in the time of Edward IV., which still possesses some of its original stained glass, will be found the wreck of a dial (for it is little else), a sketch of which is given. The twisted wrought iron addition to the gnomon, which is nailed at its other end to the oak shaft, is apparently the work of a by no means over-skilful village Vulcan. The date on the dial is 1763, and it stands by a great oak said to be at least one thousand years old.

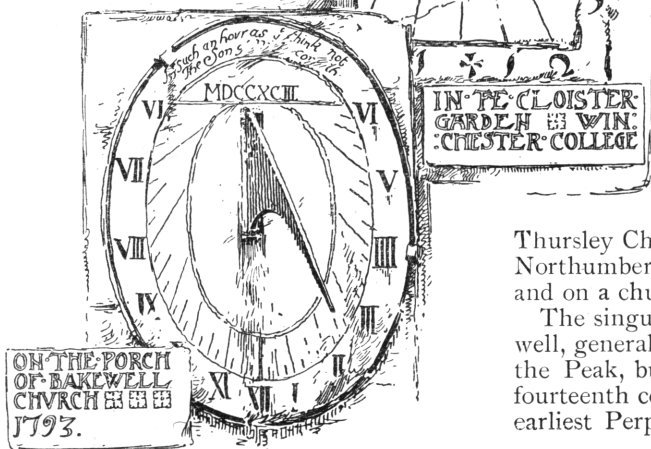
Winchester, too, is rich in dials; on the south wall of John Frommond's Chantry Chapel, Winchester College, on one of the buttresses, painted in black, and which weather will soon have completely effaced, is a quaint dial bearing date 1712.

In a window in the old election-chamber, now one of the masters' rooms, is a glass dial, oval in form, beautiful in colour, and bearing on a painted scroll the motto—"Ut umbra sic vita transit" (As a shadow so doth life pass).

On the south wall of the church of St. Maurice, with its grand old Norman door-way, is an ancient stone vertical sun-dial, which, curiously enough, has the hour-lines marked from 8 a.m. to



4 p.m. only. Further on is the church of St. Michael, famous for its thirteenth century sun-dial, which marks the hour divisions with crosses for 12, 9, and 5. A mile or two out beyond Winchester, on the Southampton-road, is the Hospice of St. Cross.



There is good authority for stating that there is no institution now existing in Great Britain which has been allowed to remain more than 700 years, that is so little changed in its original constitution as is the Hospice of St. Cross. It comprises two distinct foundations—that of Bishop Henry of Blois, grandson of William the Conqueror (1136), and of Cardinal Beaufort (1444), and both are now under the one Master of St. Cross. On the greensward facing these "castles of peace and rest" stands the dial on fluted shaft, a sketch of the upper part of which is given.

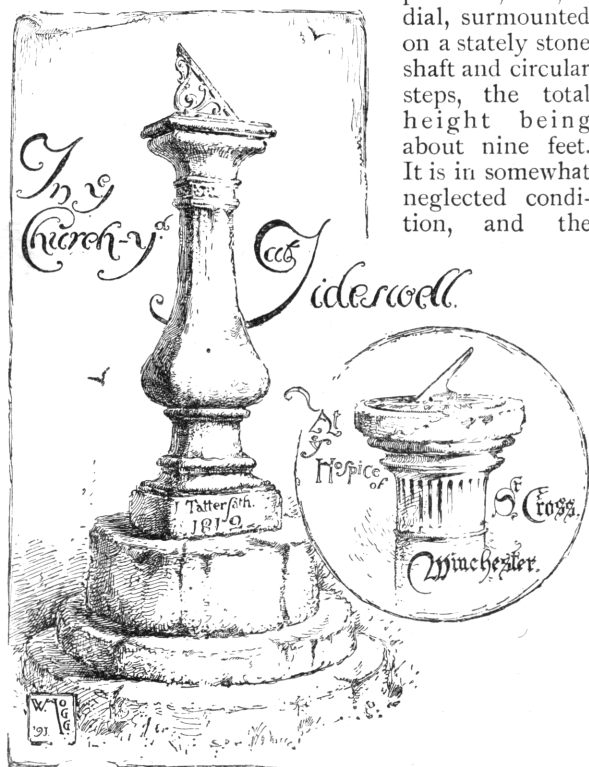
Above the porch of the fine old Norman church at Bakewell, in the Peak district, a church which is full of interest as being the burying place of the Vernons, and the Manners of Haddon Hall, is to be seen an oval stone dial dated 1793, on the upper part of which is the motto, "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." The soft stone is

fast crumbling away, and it will soon be a thing of the past. Further north lies Castleton Church, with its old library and its finely carved pews, well worth a visit. In the churchyard is a dial, the plate of which projects far beyond its upholding column, and at its edge is serrated, Norman fashion; "Hora Pars Vitæ" (The Hour is a portion of Life) is the motto engraved upon the plate. The same inscription is to be found fixed to what appears to have been a cross in a church-yard in the Isle of Wight, dated 1815; also in

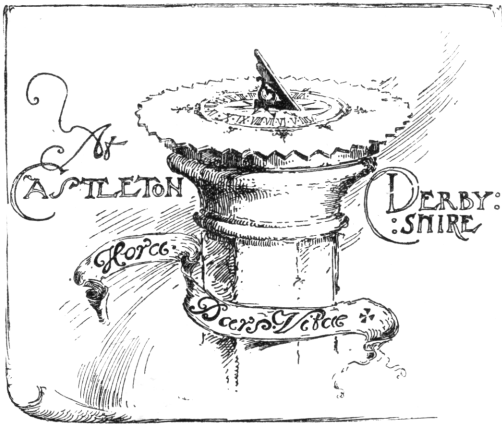
Thursley Church, Surrey; on a church in Northumberland at Kirkwelpington, 1764; and on a church at Tavistock, dated 1814.

The singularly beautiful church at Tideswell, generally known as the Cathedral of the Peak, built in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and boasting one of the earliest Perpendicular towers in England,

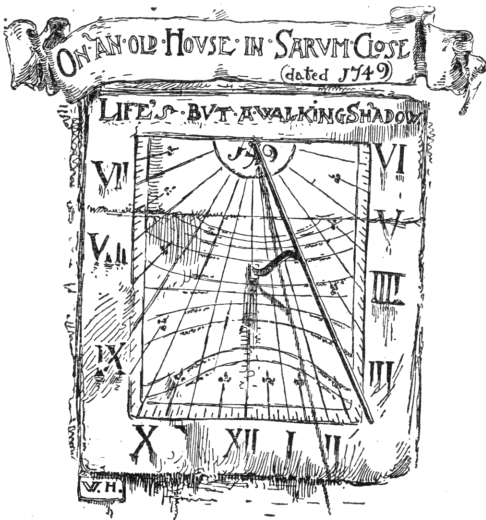
possesses, too, a dial, surmounted on a stately stone shaft and circular steps, the total height being about nine feet. It is in somewhat neglected condition, and the



name of the man who presumably restored it (J. Tattersath, 1812) is graven on the base.



Hearing that in Canon Bowles' garden in the Close, Salisbury, was to be found a fine cruciform dial, bearing the motto, "Quam cito jucundi praeiteriere dies" (How quickly the pleasant days have passed away), erected by that gentleman in 1829, I eagerly went, hoping to get a drawing of it. Sad to say, the motto seemed to have been prophetic. I stood in the cathedral by the tombstone which marked his last resting place, and hunted long, but in vain, in the dear old-



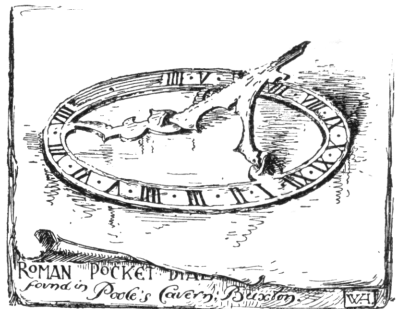
world garden which had once been his, but saw no sign of any dial.

Within a hundred yards, at the other end

of the Close, painted high up on a wall (dated 1749) about four feet square, is a dial with the tradition—"Life's but a walking shadow" (Macbeth, Act V. scene v.). James Harris, the author of "Hermes," was a Salisbury man; he died in 1780, and there are many reasons for believing that he erected this dial. On the tower of St. Martin's Church, Salisbury, almost completely effaced, and with the gnomon gone, may be traced the wreck of what was once a fine dial.

There is a story told that one of the Deans of Bangor had a faithful but certainly somewhat irascible old gardener, who used to keep away numbers of his master's troublesome visitors by saying to those he saw about, "Go about your business." After the gardener's death the Dean had engraved upon the dial in the garden the curt injunction of his faithful servant, but in this wise:—

"GOA BOW TYO URB US IN ESS 1838."



The amusing part being that it was usually mistaken to be a Welsh motto.

At Poole's Cavern—an enormous natural excavation in the carboniferous limestone of Derbyshire, running for several hundred yards under a hill about half a mile beyond Buxton—was found in 1865, buried some seven or eight feet in stalagmite, a mass of wonderfully interesting remains—Samian ware, Roman glass; coins of the time of Trajan, Faustina, Nerva; flint implements, weapons, rings; and a Roman bronze pocket sun-dial, in perfect preservation, the same size as depicted in the sketch given. These fascinating "finds" are still to be seen in the quaint little private museum adjoining the cavern entrance. The cavern traditionally derives its name from an outlaw named Poole, who, in the reign of Henry VI., made it his place of abode and plunder depository.

Dr. Doran tells us in his *Life of the author of "Night Thoughts,"* that Dr. Young erected a dial in his garden, with the motto, "Eheu fugaces!" (Alas, how fleeting!); very shortly afterwards thieves entered his garden, and certainly proved the wisdom of his words by carrying the dial bodily away.

Perhaps I cannot close these brief notes

better than by quoting the beautiful lines John Greenleaf Whittier wrote for inscription on the sun-dial of a friend :

"With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show
There's light above me by the shade below."

WARRINGTON HOGG.



Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

XII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE COPPER BEECHES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



O the man who loves art for its own sake," remarked Sherlock Holmes, tossing aside the advertisement sheet of *The Daily Telegraph*, "it is frequently in its least important and lowliest manifestations that the keenest pleasure is to be derived. It is pleasant to me to observe, Watson, that you have so far grasped this truth that in these little records of our cases which you have been good enough to draw up, and, I am bound to say, occasionally to embellish, you have given prominence not so much to the many *causes célèbres* and sensational trials in which I have figured, but rather to those incidents which may have been trivial in themselves, but which have given room for those faculties of deduction and of logical synthesis which I have made my special province."

"And yet," said I, smiling, "I cannot quite hold myself absolved from the charge of sensationalism which has been urged against my records."

"You have erred, perhaps," he observed,

taking up a glowing cinder with the tongs, and lighting with it the long cherrywood pipe which was wont to replace his clay when he was in a disputatious, rather than a meditative mood—"you have erred perhaps in attempting to put colour and life into each of your statements, instead of confining yourself to the task of placing upon record that severe reasoning from cause to effect which is really the only notable feature about the thing."

"It seems to me that I have done you full justice in the matter," I remarked, with some coldness, for I was repelled by the egotism which I had more than once observed to be a strong factor in my friend's singular character.

"No, it is not selfishness or conceit," said he, answering, as was his wont, my thoughts rather than my words. "If I claim full justice for my art, it is because it is an impersonal thing—a thing beyond myself. Crime is common. Logic is rare. Therefore it is upon the logic rather than upon the crime that you should dwell. You have degraded what should have been a course of lectures into a series of tales."

It was a cold morning of the early spring, and we sat after breakfast on either side of a cheery fire in the old room at Baker-street. A thick fog rolled down between the lines of dun-coloured houses, and the opposing windows loomed like dark, shapeless blurs through the heavy yellow wreaths. Our gas was lit, and shone on the white cloth, and glimmer of china and metal, for the table had not been cleared yet. Sherlock Holmes had been



"TAKING UP A GLOWING CINDER WITH THE TONGS."

silent all the morning, dipping continuously into the advertisement columns of a succession of papers, until at last, having apparently given up his search, he had emerged in no very sweet temper to lecture me upon my literary shortcomings.

"At the same time," he remarked, after a pause, during which he had sat puffing at his long pipe and gazing down into the fire, "you can hardly be open to a charge of sensationalism, for out of these cases which you have been so kind as to interest yourself in, a fair proportion do not treat of crime, in its legal sense, at all. The small matter in which I endeavoured to help the King of Bohemia, the singular experience of Miss Mary Sutherland, the problem connected with the man with the twisted lip, and the incident of the noble bachelor, were all matters which are outside the pale of the law. But in avoiding the sensational, I fear that you may have bordered on the trivial."

"The end may have been so," I answered, "but the methods I hold to have been novel and of interest."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow, what do the public, the great unobservant public, who could hardly tell a weaver by his tooth or a compositor by his left thumb, care about the finer shades of analysis and deduction! But, indeed, if you are trivial, I cannot blame you, for the days of the great cases are past. Man, or at least criminal man, has lost all enterprise and originality. As to my own little practice, it seems to be degenerating into an agency for recovering lost lead pencils, and giving advice to young ladies from boarding-schools. I think that I have touched bottom at last, however. This note I had this morning marks my zero point, I fancy. Read it!" He tossed a crumpled letter across to me.

It was dated from Montague-place upon the preceding evening, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MR. HOLMES,—I am very anxious to consult you as to whether I should or should not accept a situation which has been offered to me as governess. I shall call at half-past ten to-morrow, if I do not inconvenience you.—Yours faithfully,

VIOLET HUNTER."

"Do you know the young lady?" I asked.

"Not I."

"It is half-past ten now."

"Yes, and I have no doubt that is her ring."

"It may turn out to be of more interest than you think. You remember that the affair of the blue carbuncle, which appeared to be a mere whim at first, developed into a serious investigation. It may be so in this case, also."

"Well, let us hope so! But our doubts will very soon be solved, for here, unless I am much mistaken, is the person in question."

As he spoke the door opened, and a young lady entered the room. She was plainly but neatly dressed, with a bright, quick face, freckled like a plover's egg, and with the brisk manner of a woman who has had her own way to make in the world.

"You will excuse my troubling you, I am sure," said she, as my companion rose to greet her; "but I have had a very strange experience, and as I have no parents or relations of any sort from whom I could ask advice, I thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me what I should do."

"Pray take a seat, Miss Hunter. I shall be happy to do anything that I can to serve you."

I could see that Holmes was favourably impressed by the manner and speech of his new client. He looked her over in his searching fashion, and then composed himself with his lids drooping and his finger tips together to listen to her story.

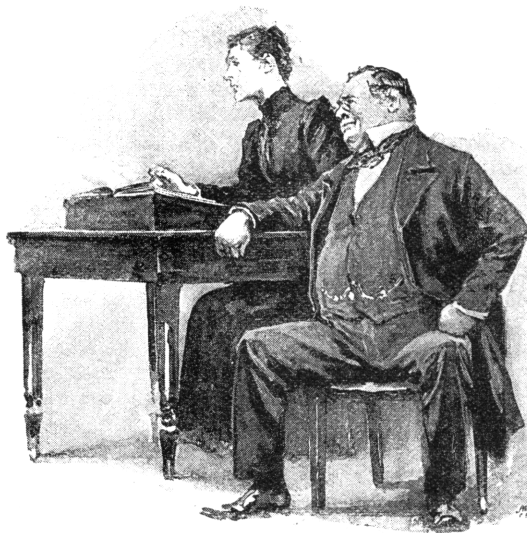
"I have been a governess for five years," said she, "in the family of Colonel Spence Munro, but two months ago the Colonel received an appointment at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and took his children over to America with him, so that I found myself without a situation. I advertised, and I answered advertisements, but without success. At last the little money which I had saved began to run short, and I was at my wit's end as to what I should do.

"There is a well-known agency for governesses in the West-end called Westaway's, and there I used to call about once a week in order to see whether anything had turned up which might suit me. Westaway was the name of the founder of the business, but it is really managed by Miss Stoper. She sits in her own little office, and the ladies who are seeking employment wait in an ante-room, and are then shown in one by one, when she consults her ledgers, and sees whether she has anything which would suit them.

"Well, when I called last week I was

shown into the little office as usual, but I found that Miss Stoper was not alone. A prodigiously stout man with a very smiling face, and a great heavy chin which rolled down in fold upon fold over his throat, sat at her elbow with a pair of glasses on his nose, looking very earnestly at the ladies who entered. As I came in he gave quite a jump in his chair, and turned quickly to Miss Stoper :

"That will do," said he ; 'I could not ask for anything better. Capital ! capital !'



"CAPITAL."

He seemed quite enthusiastic, and rubbed his hands together in the most genial fashion. He was such a comfortable-looking man that it was quite a pleasure to look at him.

"You are looking for a situation, miss ?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"As governess ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what salary do you ask ?"

"I had four pounds a month in my last place with Colonel Spence Munro."

"Oh, tut, tut ! sweating—rank sweating !" he cried, throwing his fat hands out into the air like a man who is in a boiling passion. 'How could anyone offer so pitiful a sum to a lady with such attractions and accomplishments ?'

"My accomplishments, sir, may be less than you imagine," said I. 'A little

French, a little German, music and drawing——'

"Tut, tut !" he cried. 'This is all quite beside the question. The point is, have you or have you not the bearing and deportment of a lady ? There it is in a nutshell. If you have not, you are not fitted for the rearing of a child who may some day play a considerable part in the history of the country. But if you have, why, then, how could any gentleman ask you to condescend to accept anything

under the three figures ? Your salary with me, madam, would commence at a hundred pounds a year.'

"You may imagine, Mr. Holmes, that to me, destitute as I was, such an offer seemed almost too good to be true. The gentleman, however, seeing perhaps the look of incredulity upon my face, opened a pocket-book and took out a note."

"It is also my custom," said he, smiling in the most pleasant fashion until 'his eyes were just two little shining slits, amid the white creases of his face, 'to advance to my young ladies half their salary beforehand, so that they may meet any little expenses of their journey and their wardrobe.'

"It seemed to me that I had never met so fascinating and so thoughtful a man. As I was already in debt to my tradesmen the advance was a great convenience, and yet there was something unnatural about the

whole transaction which made me wish to know a little more before I quite committed myself.

"May I ask where you live, sir?" said I.

"Hampshire. Charming rural place. The Copper Beeches, five miles on the far side of Winchester. It is the most lovely country, my dear young lady, and the dearest old country house."

"And my duties, sir? I should be glad to know what they would be."

"One child—one dear little romper just six years old. Oh, if you could see him killing cockroaches with a slipper! Smack! smack! smack! Three gone before you could wink!" He leaned back in his chair and laughed his eyes into his head again.

"I was a little startled at the nature of the child's amusement, but the father's laughter made me think that perhaps he was joking."

"My sole duties, then," I asked, "are to take charge of a single child?"

"No, no, not the sole, not the sole, my dear young lady," he cried. "Your duty would be, as I am sure your good sense would suggest, to obey any little commands which my wife might give, provided always that they were such commands as a lady might with propriety obey. You see no difficulty, *heh?*"

"I should be happy to make myself useful."

"Quite so. In dress now, for example! We are faddy people, you know—faddy but kind-hearted. If you were asked to wear any dress which we might give you, you would not object to our little whim. *Heh?*"

"No," said I, considerably astonished at his words.

"Or to sit here, or sit there, that would not be offensive to you?"

"Oh, no."

"Or to cut your hair quite short before you come to us."

"I could hardly believe my ears. As you may observe, Mr. Holmes, my hair is somewhat luxuriant, and of a rather peculiar tint of chestnut. It has been considered artistic. I could not dream of sacrificing it in this offhand fashion."

"I am afraid that that is quite impossible," said I. He had been watching me eagerly out of his small eyes, and I could see a shadow pass over his face as I spoke.

"I am afraid that it is quite essential," said he. "It is a little fancy of my wife's, and ladies' fancies, you know, madam, ladies'

fancies must be consulted. And so you won't cut your hair?"

"No, sir, I really could not," I answered firmly.

"Ah, very well; then that quite settles the matter. It is a pity, because in other respects you would really have done very nicely. In that case, Miss Stoper, I had best inspect a few more of your young ladies."

"The manageress had sat all this while busy with her papers without a word to either of us, but she glanced at me now with so much annoyance upon her face that I could not help suspecting that she had lost a handsome commission through my refusal."

"Do you desire your name to be kept upon the books?" she asked.

"If you please, Miss Stoper."

"Well, really, it seems rather useless, since you refuse the most excellent offers in this fashion," said she sharply. "You can hardly expect us to exert ourselves to find another such opening for you. Good day to you, Miss Hunter." She struck a gong upon the table, and I was shown out by the page.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, when I got back to my lodgings and found little enough in the cupboard, and two or three bills upon the table, I began to ask myself whether I had not done a very foolish thing. After all, if these people had strange fads, and expected obedience on the most extraordinary matters, they were at least ready to pay for their eccentricity. Very few governesses in England are getting a hundred a year. Besides, what use was my hair to me? Many people are improved by wearing it short, and perhaps I should be among the number. Next day I was inclined to think that I had made a mistake, and by the day after I was sure of it. I had almost overcome my pride, so far as to go back to the agency and inquire whether the place was still open, when I received this letter from the gentleman himself. I have it here, and I will read it to you:—

"The Copper Beeches, near Winchester.

"DEAR MISS HUNTER,—Miss Stoper has very kindly given me your address, and I write from here to ask you whether you have reconsidered your decision. My wife is very anxious that you should come, for she has been much attracted by my description of you. We are willing to give thirty pounds a quarter, or £120 a year, so as to

recompense you for any little inconvenience which our fads may cause you. They are not very exacting after all. My wife is fond of a particular shade of electric blue, and would like you to wear such a dress indoors in the morning. You need not, however, go to the expense of purchasing one, as we have one belonging to my dear daughter Alice (now in Philadelphia) which would, I should think, fit you very well. Then, as to sitting here or there, or amusing yourself in any manner indicated, that need cause you no inconvenience. As regards your hair, it is no doubt a pity, especially as I could not help remarking its beauty during our short interview, but I am afraid that I must remain firm upon this point, and I only hope that the increased salary may recompense you for the loss. Your duties, as far as the child is concerned, are very light. Now do try to come, and I shall meet you with the dogcart at Winchester. Let me know your train.—Yours faithfully,

JEPHRO RUCASTLE.

"That is the letter which I have just received, Mr. Holmes, and my mind is made up that I will accept it. I thought, however, that before taking the final step, I should like to submit the whole matter to your consideration."

"Well, Miss Hunter, if your mind is made up, that settles the question," said Holmes, smiling.

"But you would not advise me to refuse?"

"I confess that it is not the situation which I should like to see a sister of mine apply for."

"What is the meaning of it all, Mr. Holmes?"

"Ah, I have no data. I cannot tell. Perhaps you have yourself formed some opinion?"

"Well, there seems to me to be only one possible solution. Mr. Rucastle seemed to be a very kind, good-natured man. Is it not possible that his wife is a lunatic, that he desires to keep the

matter quiet for fear she should be taken to an asylum, and that he humours her fancies in every way in order to prevent an outbreak."

"That is a possible solution—in fact, as matters stand, it is the most probable one. But in any case it does not seem to be a nice household for a young lady."

"But the money, Mr. Holmes, the money!"

"Well, yes, of course the pay is good—too good. That is what makes me uneasy. Why should they give you £120 a year, when they could have their pick for £40? There must be some strong reason behind."

"I thought that if I told you the circumstances you would understand afterwards if I wanted your help. I should feel so much stronger if I felt that you were at the back of me."

"Oh, you may carry that feeling away with you. I assure you that your little problem promises to be the most interesting which has come my way for some months. There is something distinctly novel about some of the features. If you should find yourself in doubt or in danger——"

"Danger! What danger do you foresee?"

Holmes shook his head gravely. "It would cease to be a danger if we could define it," said he. "But at any time, day or night, a telegram would bring me down to your help."



"HOLMES SHOOK HIS HEAD GRAVELY."

"That is enough." She rose briskly from her chair with the anxiety all swept from her face. "I shall go down to Hampshire quite easy in my mind now. I shall write to Mr. Rucastle at once, sacrifice my poor hair to-night, and start for Winchester to-morrow." With a few grateful words to Holmes she bade us both good-night and bustled off upon her way.

"At least," said I, as we heard her quick, firm step descending the stairs, "she seems to be a young lady who is very well able to take care of herself."

"And she would need to be," said Holmes, gravely; "I am much mistaken if we do not hear from her before many days are past."

It was not very long before my friend's prediction was fulfilled. A fortnight went by, during which I frequently found my thoughts turning in her direction, and wondering what strange side-alley of human experience this lonely woman had strayed into. The unusual salary, the curious conditions, the light duties, all pointed to something abnormal, though whether a fad or a plot, or whether the man were a philanthropist or a villain, it was quite beyond my powers to determine. As to Holmes, I observed that he sat frequently for half an hour on end, with knitted brows and an abstracted air, but he swept the matter away with a wave of his hand when I mentioned it. "Data! data! data!" he cried impatiently. "I can't make bricks without clay." And yet he would always wind up by muttering that no sister of his should ever have accepted such a situation.

The telegram which we eventually received came late one night, just as I was thinking of turning in, and Holmes was settling down to one of those all-night chemical researches which he frequently indulged in, when I would leave him stooping over a retort and a test-tube at night, and find him in the same position when I came down to breakfast in the morning. He opened the yellow envelope, and then, glancing at the message, threw it across to me.

"Just look up the trains in Bradshaw," said he, and turned back to his chemical studies.

The summons was a brief and urgent one.

"Please be at the 'Black Swan' Hotel at Winchester at midday to-morrow," it said. "Do come! I am at my wit's end."

"HUNTER."

"Will you come with me?" asked Holmes, glancing up.

"I should wish to."

"Just look it up, then."

"There is a train at half-past nine," said I, glancing over my Bradshaw. "It is due at Winchester at 11.30."

"That will do very nicely. Then perhaps I had better postpone my analysis of the acetones, as we may need to be at our best in the morning."

By eleven o'clock the next day we were well upon our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been buried in the morning papers all the way down, but after we had passed the Hampshire border he threw them down, and began to admire the scenery. It was an ideal spring day, a light blue sky, flecked with little fleecy white clouds drifting across from west to east. The sun was shining very brightly, and yet there was an exhilarating nip in the air, which set an edge to a man's energy. All over the countryside, away to the rolling hills around Aldershot, the little red and grey roofs of the farmsteadings peeped out from amidst the light green of the new foliage.

"Are they not fresh and beautiful?" I cried, with all the enthusiasm of a man fresh from the fogs of Baker-street.

But Holmes shook his head gravely.

"Do you know, Watson," said he, "that it is one of the curses of a mind with a turn like mine that I must look at everything with reference to my own special subject. You look at these scattered houses, and you are impressed by their beauty. I look at them, and the only thought which comes to me is a feeling of their isolation, and of the impunity with which crime may be committed there."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Who would associate crime with these dear old homesteads?"

"They always fill me with a certain horror. It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside."

"You horrify me!"

"But the reason is very obvious. The pressure of public opinion can do in the town what the law cannot accomplish. There is no lane so vile that the scream of a tortured child, or the thud of a drunkard's blow, does not beget sympathy and

indignation among the neighbours, and then the whole machinery of justice is ever so close that a word of complaint can set it going, and there is but a step between the crime and the dock. But look at these lonely houses, each in its own fields, filled for the most part with poor ignorant folk who know little of the law. Think of the deeds of hellish cruelty, the hidden wickedness which may go on, year in, year out, in such places, and none the wiser. Had this lady who appeals to us for help gone to live in Winchester, I should never have had a fear for her. It is the five miles of country which makes the danger. Still, it is clear that she is not personally threatened."

"No. If she can come to Winchester to meet us she can get away."

"Quite so. She has her freedom."

"What *can* be the matter, then? Can you suggest no explanation?"

"I have devised seven separate explanations, each of which would cover the facts as far as we know them. But which of these is correct can only be determined by the fresh information which we shall no doubt find waiting for us. Well, there is the tower of the Cathedral, and we shall soon learn all that Miss Hunter has to tell."

The "Black Swan" is an inn of repute in the High-street, at no distance from the station, and there we found the young lady waiting for us. She had engaged a sitting-room, and our lunch awaited us upon the table.

"I am so delighted that you have come," she said, earnestly. "It is so very kind of you both; but indeed I do not know what I should do. Your advice will be altogether invaluable to me."

"Pray tell us what has happened to you."

"I will do so, and I must be quick, for I have promised Mr. Rucastle to be back

before three. I got his leave to come into town this morning, though he little knew for what purpose."

"Let us have everything in its due



"I AM SO DELIGHTED THAT YOU HAVE COME."

order." Holmes thrust his long thin legs out towards the fire, and composed himself to listen.

"In the first place, I may say that I have met, on the whole, with no actual ill-treatment from Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle. It is only fair to them to say that. But I cannot understand them, and I am not easy in my mind about them."

"What can you not understand?"

"Their reasons for their conduct. But you shall have it all just as it occurred. When I came down Mr. Rucastle met me here, and drove me in his dogcart to the Copper Beeches. It is, as he said, beautifully situated, but it is not beautiful in itself, for it is a large square block of a house, whitewashed, but all stained and streaked with damp and bad weather. There are grounds round it, woods on three sides, and on the fourth a field which slopes down to the Southampton high road, which curves

past about a hundred yards from the front door. This ground in front belongs to the house, but the woods all round are part of Lord Southerton's preserves. A clump of copper beeches immediately in front of the hall door has given its name to the place.

"I was driven over by my employer, who was as amiable as ever, and was introduced by him that evening to his wife and the child. There was no truth, Mr. Holmes, in the conjecture which seemed to us to be probable in your rooms at Baker-street. Mrs. Rucastle is not mad. I found her to be a silent, pale-faced woman, much younger than her husband, not more than thirty, I should think, while he can hardly be less than forty-five. From their conversation I have gathered that they have been married about seven years, that he was a widower, and that his only child by the first wife was the daughter who has gone to Philadelphia. Mr. Rucastle told me in private that the reason why she had left them was that she had an unreasoning aversion to her step-mother. As the daughter could not have been less than twenty I can quite imagine that her position must have been uncomfortable with her father's young wife.

"Mrs. Rucastle seemed to me to be colourless in mind as well as in feature. She impressed me neither favourably nor the reverse. She was a nonentity. It was easy to see that she was passionately devoted both to her husband and to her little son. Her light grey eyes wandered continually from one to the other, noting every little want and forestalling it if possible. He was kind to her also in his bluff boisterous fashion, and on the whole they seemed to be a happy couple. And yet she had some secret sorrow, this woman. She would often be lost in deep thought, with the saddest look upon her face. More than once I have surprised her in tears. I have thought sometimes that it was the disposition of her child which weighed upon her mind, for I have never met so utterly spoilt and so ill-natured a little creature. He is small for his age, with a head which is quite disproportionately large. His whole life appears to be spent in an alternation between savage fits of passion, and gloomy intervals of sulking. Giving pain to any creature weaker than himself seems to be his one idea of amusement, and he shows quite remarkable talent in planning the capture of mice, little birds, and insects. But I

would rather not talk about the creature, Mr. Holmes, and, indeed, he has little to do with my story."

"I am glad of all details," remarked my friend, "whether they seem to you to be relevant or not."

"I shall try not to miss anything of importance. The one unpleasant thing about the house, which struck me at once, was the appearance and conduct of the servants. There are only two, a man and his wife. Toller, for that is his name, is a rough, uncouth man, with grizzled hair and whiskers, and a perpetual smell of drink. Twice since I have been with them he has been quite drunk, and yet Mr. Rucastle seemed to take no notice of it. His wife is a very tall and strong woman with a sour face, as silent as Mrs. Rucastle, and much less amiable. They are a most unpleasant couple, but fortunately I spend most of my time in the nursery and my own room, which are next to each other in one corner of the building.

"For two days after my arrival at the Copper Beeches my life was very quiet; on the third, Mrs. Rucastle came down just after breakfast and whispered something to her husband.

"'Oh yes,' said he, turning to me; 'we are very much obliged to you, Miss Hunter, for falling in with our whims so far as to cut your hair. I assure you that it has not detracted in the tiniest iota from your appearance. We shall now see how the electric blue dress will become you. You will find it laid out upon the bed in your room, and if you would be so good as to put it on we should both be extremely obliged.'

"The dress which I found waiting for me was of a peculiar shade of blue. It was of excellent material, a sort of beige, but it bore unmistakable signs of having been worn before. It could not have been a better fit if I had been measured for it. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle expressed a delight at the look of it which seemed quite exaggerated in its vehemence. They were waiting for me in the drawing-room, which is a very large room, stretching along the entire front of the house, with three long windows reaching down to the floor. A chair had been placed close to the central window, with its back turned towards it. In this I was asked to sit, and then Mr. Rucastle, walking up and down on the other side of the room, began to tell me a series of the funniest stories that I

have ever listened to. You cannot imagine how comical he was, and I laughed until I was quite weary. Mrs. Rucastle, however, who has evidently no sense of humour, never so much as smiled, but sat with her hands in her lap, and a sad, anxious look upon her face. After an hour or so, Mr. Rucastle suddenly remarked that it was time to commence the duties of the day, and that I might change my dress, and go to little Edward in the nursery.

"Two days later this same performance was gone through under exactly similar circumstances. Again I changed my dress, again I sat in the window, and again I laughed very heartily at the funny stories of which my employer had an immense *répertoire*, and which he told inimitably. Then he handed me a yellow-backed novel, and, moving my chair a little sideways, that my own shadow might not fall upon

ordered me to cease and to change my dress.

"You can easily imagine, Mr. Holmes, how curious I became as to what the meaning of this extraordinary performance could possibly be. They were always very careful, I observed, to turn my face away from the window, so that I became consumed with the desire to see what was going on behind my back. At first it seemed to be impossible, but I soon devised a means. My hand mirror had been broken, so a happy thought seized me, and I concealed a piece of the glass in my handkerchief. On the next occasion, in the midst of my laughter, I put my handkerchief up to my eyes, and was able with a little management to see all that there was behind me. I confess that I was disappointed. There was nothing.

"At least, that was my first impression.

At the second glance, however, I perceived that there was a man standing in the Southampton Road, a small bearded man in a grey suit, who seemed to be looking in my direction. The road is an important highway, and there are usually people there. This man, however, was leaning against the railings which bordered our field, and was looking earnestly up. I lowered my handkerchief, and glanced at Mrs. Rucastle to find her eyes fixed upon me with a most searching gaze. She said nothing, but I am convinced that she had divined that I had a mirror in my hand, and had seen what was behind me. She rose at once.

"‘Jephro,’ said she, ‘there is an impertinent fellow upon the road there who stares up at Miss Hunter.’

"‘No friend of yours, Miss Hunter?’ he asked.

"‘No; I know no one in these parts.’

"‘Dear me! How very impertinent! Kindly turn round, and motion to him to go away!’

"‘Surely it would be better to take no notice.’

"‘No, no, we should have him loitering here always. Kindly turn round, and wave him away like that.’

"I did as I was told, and at the same instant Mrs. Rucastle drew down the blind. That was a week ago, and from that time I have not sat again in the window, nor have



"I READ FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES."

the page, he begged me to read aloud to him. I read for about ten minutes, beginning in the heart of a chapter, and then suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he

I worn the blue dress, nor seen the man in the road."

"Pray continue," said Holmes. "Your narrative promises to be a most interesting one."

"You will find it rather disconnected, I fear, and there may prove to be little relation between the different incidents of which I speak. On the very first day that I was at the Copper Beeches, Mr. Rucastle took me to a small outhouse which stands near the kitchen door. As we approached it I heard the sharp rattling of a chain, and the sound as of a large animal moving about.

"Look in here!" said Mr. Rucastle, showing me a slit between two planks. 'Is he not a beauty?'

"I looked through, and was conscious of two glowing eyes, and of a vague figure huddled up in the darkness.

"Don't be frightened," said my employer, laughing at the start which I had given. 'It's only Carlo, my mastiff. I call him mine, but really old Toller, my groom, is the only man who can do anything with him. We feed him once a day, and not too much then, so that he is always as keen as mustard. Toller lets him loose every night, and God help the trespasser whom he lays his fangs upon. For goodness' sake don't you ever on any pretext set your foot over the threshold at night, for it is as much as your life is worth.'

"The warning was no idle one, for two nights later I happened to look out of my bedroom window about two o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the lawn in front of the house was silvered over and almost as bright as day. I was standing, wrapt in the peaceful beauty of the scene, when I was aware that something was moving under the shadow of the copper beeches. As it emerged into the moonshine I saw what it was. It was a giant dog, as large as a calf, tawny tinted, with hanging jowl, black muzzle, and huge projecting bones. It walked slowly across the lawn and vanished into the shadow upon the other side. That

dreadful silent sentinel sent a chill to my heart which I do not think that any burglar could have done.

"And now I have a very strange experience to tell you. I had, as you know, cut off my hair in London, and I had placed it in a great coil at the bottom of my trunk. One evening, after the child was in bed, I began to amuse myself by examining the furniture of my room, and by rearranging my own little things. There was an old chest of drawers in the room, the two upper ones empty and open, the lower one locked. I had filled the two first with my linen, and, as I had still much to pack away, I was naturally annoyed at not having the use of the third drawer. It struck me that it might have been fastened by a mere oversight, so I took out my bunch of keys and tried to open it. The very first key fitted to perfection, and I drew the drawer open. There was only one thing in it, but I am sure that you would never guess what it was. It was my coil of hair.

"I took it up and examined it. It was of the same peculiar tint, and the same thickness. But then the impossibility of the thing obtruded itself upon me. How could my hair have been locked in the drawer?



"I TOOK IT UP AND EXAMINED IT.

With trembling hands I undid my trunk turned out the contents, and drew from the bottom my own hair. I laid the two tresses together, and I assure you that they were identical. Was it not extraordinary? Puzzle as I would, I could make nothing at all of what it meant. I returned the strange hair to the drawer, and I said nothing of the matter to the Rucastles, as I felt that I had put myself in the wrong by opening a drawer which they had locked.

"I am naturally observant, as you may have remarked, Mr. Holmes, and I soon had a pretty good plan of the whole house in my head. There was one wing, however, which appeared not to be inhabited at all. A door which faced that which led into the quarters of the Tollers opened into this suite, but it was invariably locked. One day, however, as I ascended the stair, I met Mr. Rucastle coming out through this door, his keys in his hand, and a look on his face which made him a very different person to the round, jovial man to whom I was accustomed. His cheeks were red, his brow was all crinkled with anger, and the veins stood out at his temples with passion. He locked the door, and hurried past me without a word or a look.

"This aroused my curiosity; so when I went out for a walk in the grounds with my charge, I strolled round to the side from which I could see the windows of this part of the house. There were four of them in a row, three of which were simply dirty, while the fourth was shuttered up. They were evidently all deserted. As I strolled up and down, glancing at them occasionally, Mr. Rucastle came out to me, looking as merry and jovial as ever.

"'Ah!' said he, 'you must not think me rude if I passed you without a word, my dear young lady. I was pre-occupied with business matters.'

"I assured him that I was not offended. 'By the way,' said I, 'you seem to have quite a suite of spare rooms up there, and one of them has the shutters up.'

"He looked surprised, and, as it seemed to me, a little startled at my remark.

"'Photography is one of my hobbies,' said he. 'I have made my dark room up there. But, dear me! what an observant young lady we have come upon. Who would have believed it? Who would have ever believed it?' He spoke in a jesting tone, but there was no jest in his eyes as he looked at me. I read suspicion there, and annoyance, but no jest.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, from the moment that I understood that there was something about that suite of rooms which I was not to know, I was all on fire to go over them. It was not mere curiosity, though I have my share of that. It was more a feeling of duty—a feeling that some good might come from my penetrating to this place. They talk of woman's instinct; perhaps it was woman's instinct which gave me that feeling. At any rate, it was there; and I was keenly on the look-out for any chance to pass the forbidden door.

"It was only yesterday that the chance came. I may tell you that, besides Mr. Rucastle, both Toller and his wife find something to do in these deserted rooms, and I once saw him carrying a large black linen bag with him through the door. Recently he has been drinking hard, and yesterday evening he was very drunk; and, when I came upstairs, there was the key in the door. I have no doubt at all that he had left it there. Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle were both downstairs, and the child was with them, so that I had an admirable opportunity. I turned the key gently in the lock, opened the door, and slipped through.

"There was a little passage in front of me, unpapered and uncarpeted, which turned at a right angle at the further end. Round this corner were three doors in a line, the first and third of which were open. They each led into an empty room, dusty and cheerless, with two windows in the one, and one in the other, so thick with dirt that the evening light glimmered dimly through them. The centre door was closed, and across the outside of it had been fastened one of the broad bars of an iron bed, padlocked at one end to a ring in the wall, and fastened at the other with stout cord. The door itself was locked as well, and the key was not there. This barricaded door corresponded clearly with the shuttered window outside, and yet I could see by the glimmer from beneath it that the room was not in darkness. Evidently there was a skylight which let in light from above. As I stood in the passage gazing at this sinister door, and wondering what secret it might veil, I suddenly heard the sound of steps within the room, and saw a shadow pass backwards and forwards against the little slit of dim light which shone out from under the door. A mad, unreasoning terror rose up in me at the sight, Mr. Holmes. My overstrung nerves failed me

suddenly, and I turned and ran—ran as though some dreadful hand were behind me, clutching at the skirt of my dress. I rushed down the passage, through the door, and straight into the arms of Mr. Rucastle, who was waiting outside.

"So," said he, smiling, 'it was you, then. I thought that it must be when I saw the door open.'

"Oh, I am so frightened!" I panted.

"My dear young lady! my dear young lady!—you cannot think how caressing and soothing his manner was—and what has frightened you, my dear young lady?"

"But his voice was just a little too coaxing. He overdid it. I was keenly on my guard against him.

"I was foolish enough to go into the empty wing," I answered. 'But it is so lonely and eerie in this dim light that I was frightened and ran out again. Oh, it is so dreadfully still in there!'

"Only that?" said he, looking at me keenly.



"OH! I AM SO FRIGHTENED!" I PANTED.

"Why, what did you think?" I asked.

"Why do you think that I lock this door?"

"I am sure that I do not know."

"It is to keep people out who have no business there. Do you see?" He was still smiling in the most amiable manner.

"I am sure if I had known——"

"Well, then, you know now. And if you ever put your foot over that threshold again—here in an instant the smile hardened into a grin of rage, and he glared down at me with the face of a demon, 'I'll throw you to the mastiff.'

"I was so terrified that I do not know what I did. I suppose that I must have rushed past him into my room. I remember nothing until I found myself lying on my bed trembling all over. Then I thought of you, Mr. Holmes. I could not live there longer without some advice. I was frightened of the house, of the man, of the woman, of the servants, even of the child. They were all horrible to me. If I could

only bring you down all would be well. Of course I might have fled from the house, but my curiosity was almost as strong as my fears. My mind was soon made up. I would send you a wire. I put on my hat and cloak, went down to the office, which is about half a mile from the house, and then returned, feeling very much easier. A horrible doubt came into my mind as I approached the door lest the dog might be loose, but I remembered that Toller had drunk himself into a state of insensibility that evening, and I knew that he was the only one in the household who had any influence with the savage creature, or who would venture to set him free. I slipped in in safety, and lay awake half the night in my joy at the thought of seeing you. I had no difficulty in getting leave to come into Winchester this morning, but I must be back before three o'clock, for Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle are going on a visit, and will be away all the evening, so that I must look after the child. Now I have told you all my adventures, Mr. Holmes, and I should be very glad if you could tell me what it all means, and, above all, what I should do."

Holmes and I had listened spell-bound to this extraordinary story.

My friend rose now, and paced up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, and an expression of the most profound gravity upon his face.

"Is Toller still drunk?" he asked.

"Yes. I heard his wife tell Mrs. Rucastle that she could do nothing with him."

"That is well. And the Rucastles go out to-night?"

"Yes."

"Is there a cellar with a good strong lock?"

"Yes, the wine cellar."

"You seem to me to have acted all through this matter like a very brave and sensible girl, Miss Hunter. Do you think that you could perform one more feat? I should not ask it of you if I did not think you a quite exceptional woman."

"I will try. What is it?"

"We shall be at the Copper Beeches by seven o'clock, my friend and I. The Rucastles will be gone by that time, and Toller will, we hope, be incapable. There only remains Mrs. Toller, who might give the alarm. If you could send her into the cellar on some errand, and then turn the key upon her, you would facilitate matters immensely."

"I will do it."

"Excellent! We shall then look thoroughly into the affair. Of course there is only one feasible explanation. You have been brought there to personate someone, and the real person is imprisoned in this chamber. That is obvious. As to who this prisoner is, I have no doubt that it is the daughter, Miss Alice Rucastle, if I remember right, who was said to have gone to America. You were chosen, doubtless, as resembling her in height, figure, and the colour of your hair. Hers had been cut off, very possibly in some illness through which she has passed, and so, of course, yours had to be sacrificed also. By a curious chance you came upon her tresses. The man in the road was, undoubtedly, some friend of hers—possibly her *fiancé*—and no doubt as you wore the girl's dress, and were so like her, he was convinced from your laughter, whenever he saw you, and afterwards from your gesture, that Miss Rucastle was perfectly happy, and that she no longer desired his attentions. The dog is let loose at night to prevent him from endeavouring to communicate with her. So much is fairly clear. The most serious point in the case is the disposition of the child."

"What on earth has that to do with it?" I ejaculated.

"My dear Watson, you as a medical man are continually gaining light as to the tendencies of a child by the study of the parents. Don't you see that the converse is equally valid. I have frequently gained my first real insight into the character of parents by studying their children. This child's disposition is abnormally cruel, merely for cruelty's sake, and whether he derives this from his smiling father, as I should suspect, or from his mother, it bodes evil for the poor girl who is in their power."

"I am sure that you are right, Mr. Holmes," cried our client. "A thousand things come back to me which make me certain that you have hit it. Oh, let us lose not an instant in bringing help to this poor creature."

"We must be circumspect, for we are dealing with a very cunning man. We can do nothing until seven o'clock. At that hour we shall be with you, and it will not be long before we solve the mystery."

We were as good as our word, for it was just seven when we reached the Copper Beeches, having put up our trap at a wayside publichouse. The group of trees, with their dark leaves shining like burnished metal in the light of the setting sun, were sufficient to mark the house even had Miss Hunter not been standing smiling on the doorstep.

"Have you managed it?" asked Holmes.

A loud thudding noise came from somewhere downstairs. "That is Mrs. Toller in the cellar," said she. "Her husband lies snoring on the kitchen rug. Here are his keys, which are the duplicates of Mr. Rucastle's."

"You have done well indeed!" cried Holmes, with enthusiasm. "Now lead the way, and we shall soon see the end of this black business."

We passed up the stair, unlocked the door, followed on down a passage, and found ourselves in front of the barricade which Miss Hunter had described. Holmes cut the cord and removed the transverse bar. Then he tried the various keys in the lock, but without success. No sound came from within, and at the silence Holmes' face clouded over.

"I trust that we are not too late," said he. "I think, Miss Hunter, that we had better go in without you. Now, Watson, put your shoulder to it, and we shall see whether we cannot make our way in."

"It was an old rickety door, and gave at once before our united strength. Together we rushed into the room. It was empty. There was no furniture save a little pallet bed, a small table, and a basketful of linen. The skylight above was open, and the prisoner gone.

"There has been some villainy here," said Holmes, "this beauty has guessed Miss Hunter's intentions, and has carried his victim off."

"But how?"

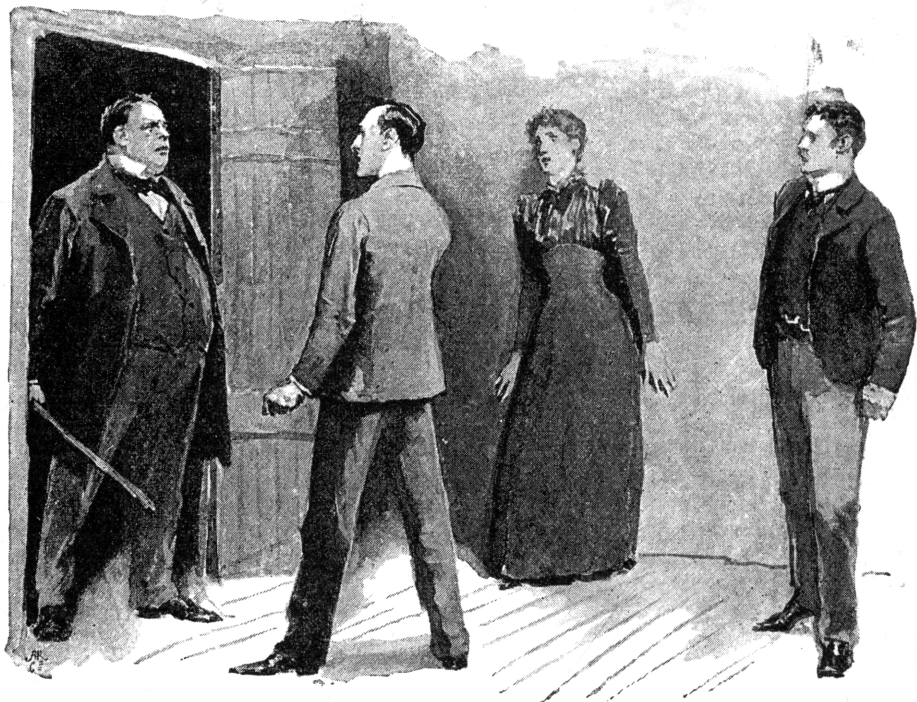
"Through the skylight. We shall soon see how he managed it." He swung him-

heavy stick in his hand. Miss Hunter screamed and shrunk against the wall at the sight of him, but Sherlock Holmes sprang forward and confronted him.

"You villain!" said he, "where's your daughter?"

The fat man cast his eyes round, and then up at the open skylight.

"It is for me to ask you that," he shrieked, "you thieves! Spies and thieves! I have caught you, have I? You are in my power. I'll serve you!" He turned and clattered down the stairs as hard as he could go.



"'YOU VILLAIN!' SAID HE. 'WHERE'S YOUR DAUGHTER?'"

self up on to the roof. "Ah, yes," he cried, "here's the end of a long light ladder against the eaves. That is how he did it."

"But it is impossible," said Miss Hunter, "the ladder was not there when the Rucastles went away."

"He has come back and done it. I tell you that he is a clever and dangerous man. I should not be very much surprised if this were he whose step I hear now upon the stair. I think, Watson, that it would be as well for you to have your pistol ready."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a man appeared at the door of the room, a very fat and burly man, with a

"He's gone for the dog!" cried Miss Hunter.

"I have my revolver," said I.

"Better close the front door," cried Holmes, and we all rushed down the stairs together. We had hardly reached the hall when we heard the baying of a hound, and then a scream of agony, with a horrible worrying sound which it was dreadful to listen to. An elderly man with a red face and shaking limbs came staggering out at a side door.

"My God!" he cried. "Some one has loosed the dog. It's not been fed for two days. Quick, quick, or it'll be too late!"

Holmes and I rushed out, and round the angle of the house, with Toller hurrying behind us. There was the huge famished brute, its black muzzle buried in Rucastle's throat, while he writhed and screamed upon the ground. Running up, I blew its brains out, and it fell over with its keen white teeth still meeting in the great creases of his neck. With much labour we separated them, and carried him, living but horribly mangled, into the house. We laid him upon the drawing-room sofa, and, having despatched the sobered Toller to bear the news to his wife, I did what I could to relieve his pain. We were all assembled

there's police-court business over this, you'll remember that I was the one that stood your friend, and that I was Miss Alice's friend too.

"She was never happy at home, Miss Alice wasn't, from the time that her father married again. She was slighted like, and had no say in anything; but it never really became bad for her until after she met Mr. Fowler at a friend's house. As well as I could learn, Miss Alice had rights of her own by will, but she was so quiet and patient, she was, that she never said a word about them, but just left everything in Mr. Rucastle's hands. He knew he was safe



RUNNING UP, I BLEW ITS BRAINS OUT.

round him when the door opened, and a tall, gaunt woman entered the room.

"Mrs. Toller!" cried Miss Hunter.

"Yes, miss. Mr. Rucastle let me out when he came back before he went up to you. Ah, miss, it is a pity you didn't let me know what you were planning, for I would have told you that your pains were wasted."

"Ha!" said Holmes, looking keenly at her. "It is clear that Mrs. Toller knows more about this matter than anyone else."

"Yes, sir, I do, and I am ready enough to tell what I know."

"Then, pray, sit down, and let us hear it, for there are several points on which I must confess that I am still in the dark."

"I will soon make it clear to you," said she; "and I'd have done so before now if I could ha' got out from the cellar. If

with her; but when there was a chance of a husband coming forward, who would ask for all that the law would give him, then her father thought it time to put a stop on it. He wanted her to sign a paper so that whether she married or not, he could use her money. When she wouldn't do it, he kept on worrying her until she got brain fever, and for six weeks was at death's door. Then she got better at last, all worn to a shadow, and with her beautiful hair cut off; but that didn't make no change in her young man, and he stuck to her as true as man could be.

"Ah," said Holmes, "I think that what you have been good enough to tell us makes the matter fairly clear, and that I can deduce all that remains. Mr. Rucastle then, I presume, took to this system of imprisonment?"

"Yes, sir."

"And brought Miss Hunter down from London in order to get rid of the disagreeable persistence of Mr. Fowler."

"That was it, sir."

"But Mr. Fowler being a persevering man, as a good seaman should be, blockaded the house, and, having met you, succeeded by certain arguments, metallic or otherwise, in convincing you that your interests were the same as his."

"Mr. Fowler was a very kind-spoken, free-handed gentleman," said Mrs. Toller serenely.

"And in this way he managed that your good man should have no want of drink, and that a ladder should be ready at the moment when your master had gone out."

"You have it, sir, just as it happened."

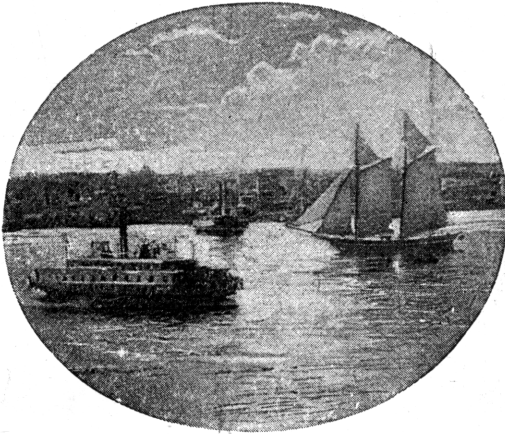
"I am sure we owe you an apology, Mrs. Toller," said Holmes, "for you have certainly cleared up everything which puzzled us. And here comes the country surgeon and Mrs. Rucastle, so I think,

Watson, that we had best escort Miss Hunter back to Winchester, as it seems to me that our *locus standi* now is rather a questionable one."

And thus was solved the mystery of the sinister house with the copper beeches in front of the door. Mr. Rucastle survived, but was always a broken man, kept alive solely through the care of his devoted wife. They still live with their old servants, who probably know so much of Rucastle's past life that he finds it difficult to part from them. Mr. Fowler and Miss Rucastle were married, by special licence, in Southampton the day after their flight, and he is now the holder of a Government appointment in the Island of Mauritius. As to Miss Violet Hunter, my friend Holmes, rather to my disappointment, manifested no further interest in her when once she had ceased to be the centre of one of his problems, and she is now the head of a private school at Walsall, where I believe that she has met with considerable success.

Instantaneous Photographs.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.



THE FIRST INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.



WE propose to show in this article some instances of the wonderful things which have of late been done in the direction of quick photography; but with the object of correcting the popular notion that "instantaneous" photography, as it is usual to call it, is entirely a production of the last ten years or so, we reproduce first a view of New York harbour, with vessels in full motion, taken by Mr. Werge, now of Berners-street, so far back as 1854. The original was a daguerreotype—a product of that beautiful process just then giving way before the newly-invented collodionised plate of Scott Archer. The art of the daguerreotypist is now almost lost, Mr. Werge being, with perhaps a single exception, its only living exponent. It was a careful, laborious, but very beautiful process, and, in regard to permanency, absolutely a different thing from the fugitive silver-printing which pleases us to-day. The labour and skill involved are difficult things to be understood by the slap-dash photographic amateur of these times; but as to the beauty and permanence of the results—one has only to inspect the specimens still in the possession of Mr. Werge, with their delicate gradations of tone, just as

they were forty years ago, to acknowledge modern decadence in these respects. The picture here copied was taken with a simple and rather clumsy wooden drop-shutter, of Mr. Werge's own manufacture, used in front of the lens, and none of the elaborate machinery available now.

The fact being understood that instantaneous photographs are not altogether new things, the further fact must be admitted that during the later years of the reign of the dry plates great things have been done in carrying this quick work nearer perfection, and the apparatus and material now available render possible feats startling enough to bring good Monsieur Daguerre from his grave. To photograph a bird actually upon the wing is an achievement to the point of which neither he nor any of his early fellow-labourers upon sunlight brought his work. Nevertheless, we print a reproduction of such a photograph on this very sheet of paper. The picture is the work of Herr Ottomar Anschütz, of Lissa, in Prussia, a gentleman who has carried instantaneous photography to its furthest at present. The stork as he appears leaving his nest is not imposing as a model of winged grace, and exhibits a curious humped and headless appearance which no artist would dare to give him on canvas. This, indeed, is one of the great aims of this quick work; it gives us surprising evidence as to the real



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

STORK LEAVING NEST.

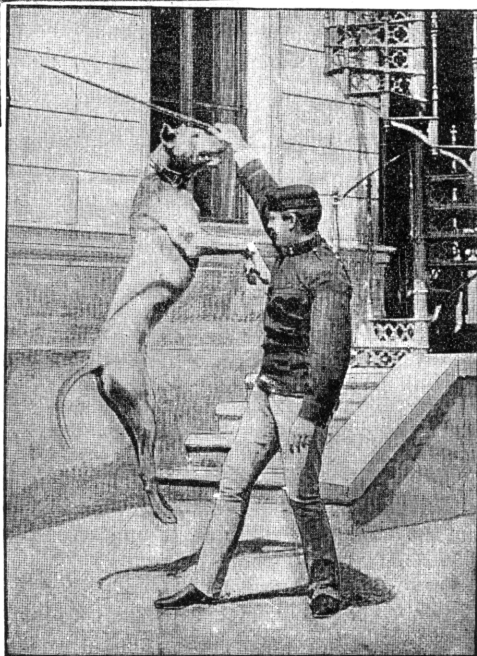


SEAGULLS.

action of animals in motion, which the eye fails to follow. It has been of vast use to M. Marey, the great authority upon animal action, of whom more anon. Meanwhile, attention will not be wasted upon the fine English photograph of a flock of sea-gulls here represented. Considerably more than two hundred birds are to be seen in every imaginable flying attitude, and many swimming.

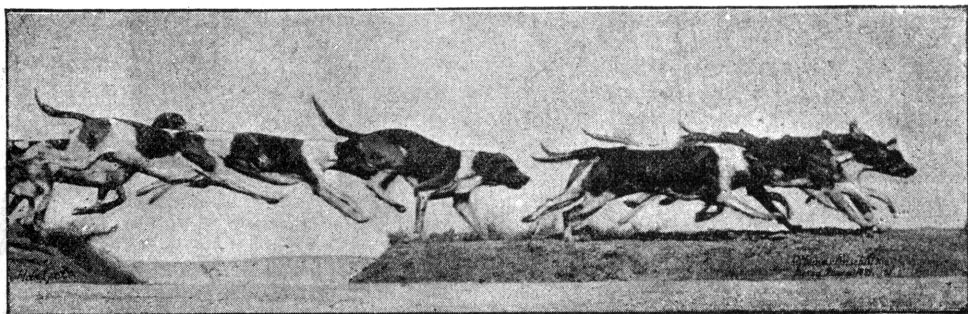
The interesting picture of a pack of hounds, jumping and running, which we print, was taken with a blind shutter operating near the plate by Herr Anschütz. The positions of the animals as they are caught are interesting, and sometimes quaint. Observe the dog who is just landing from his jump. The fore half seems that of a dog standing quite still, and taking a leisurely look ahead; the hind half is

jumping. The second hound behind him seems likely to land at the foot instead of the top of the opposite bank, and no artist would have dared to draw his fore-feet so low in relation to the others, considering that he has only begun his jump. Observe also the little spirts of dust kicked up by the feet of the others.



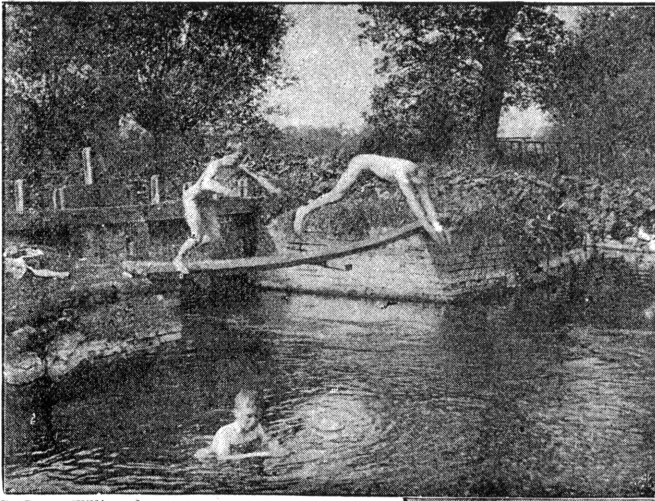
By Lieut. Carl von Hüller.]

DOG JUMPING.



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

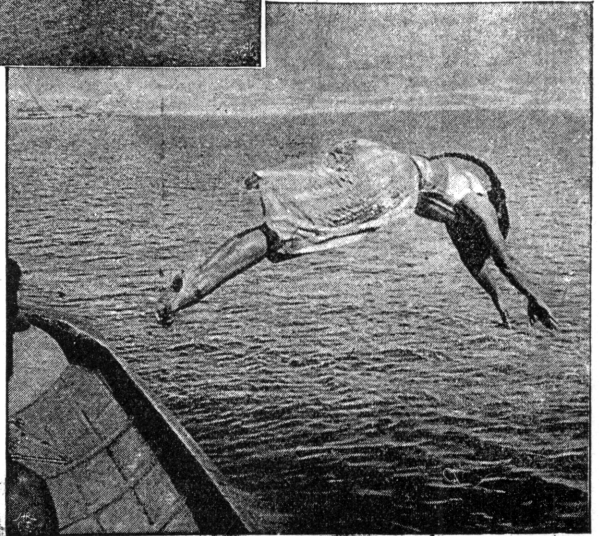
HOUNDS ON THE TRAIL.



By Parry Williams.] BOYS DIVING.

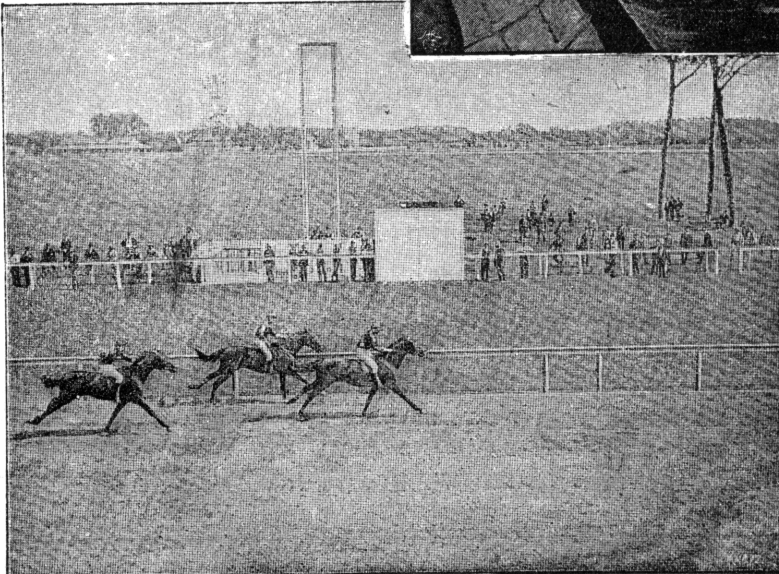
Another admirable dog picture we reproduce from the album of Lieutenant Carl von Hiller, of the Austrian army. The big dog is perfectly outlined in the middle of his leap.

We reproduce a good amateur-taken picture representing boys diving and swimming. This is by Mr. Parry Williams, well known for this sort of work among old Paulines. Another of our pictures shows Miss Ward, the champion lady diver, in the middle of her



By Messrs. Underwood.]

MISS WARD, CHAMPION
LADY DIVER.



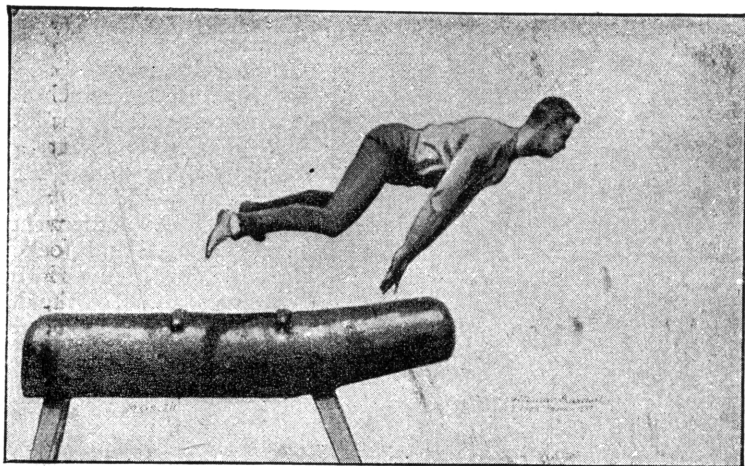
By John C. Hemme et.]

FINISH OF A HORSE-RACE.

leap—taken by an American operator.

The photograph of a horse-race finish which we reproduce is the work of Mr. J. C. Hemment, of Brooklyn, New York. This gentleman holds the position of Official Photographer to the Coney Island Jockey Club, and his business is, by his plates, to check the decisions of the judges in cases of very close finishes. The eye is a most treacherous guide in such cases, more

especially when one horse, who may at the actual finish be a fraction behind the other, is travelling the faster at that moment. In such a case, of course the camera, if properly placed and used, is infallible. Nevertheless, it is not easy to understand an excited crowd waiting patiently for



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

CLEARING THE VAULTING-HORSE.

half an hour while the rapid plate is slowly developed and fixed before being told the official decision. Such a thing would cause some commotion, say, in the silver ring at Kempton Park, and that would be a golden half-hour for the welshers and brief-



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

LEAPING FROM SPRINGBOARD.

snatchers. The unconventional attitudes of the flying horses are the striking thing about this picture, as is always the case with snap-photographs of horses. The mare La Tosca is winning with a little

to spare, but is travelling at the rate of $19\frac{1}{2}$ yards a second—very little less than forty miles an hour. The animals' forelegs seem jointless wooden stilts, and out of time with the hind legs altogether. A picture exhibited in the Royal Academy with horses galloping like these would be received with howls of laughter. Nevertheless, although it would not be a true representation of what the artist

saw, it would be true of what the horses did.

The photographs of the gymnast clearing the vaulting-horse, another leaping over his friend, and of the acrobats, one throwing the other a summersault, are selections from a series taken by Herr Anschütz. These series of photographs are the results of the latest development of instantaneous photography, an arrangement



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

ACROBAT TURNING SUMMERSAULT.

being devised by which a number of pictures of a moving object are taken in succession, thus showing the movement gone through in all its details. These arrangements are of different kinds, designed to take ten, twenty, forty, or even more photographs a second of the same object. Perhaps the first to devise an effective apparatus of this kind was Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco. He employed a number of cameras placed in a line. The path of the running man, galloping horse, or whatever the object was, was crossed by threads, which were broken in succession by the object. Each of these threads actuated the shutter of a camera, and thus Mr. Muybridge secured some really brilliant results, of great value to the anatomist and to the artist. Other motions beside running were in the same way intercepted by threads, and equally good pictures were made. M. Marey, whose name has been already mentioned, saw a number of these pictures in Paris, and was greatly impressed with the value of such productions in such researches in animal motion as he was then conducting. He set to work himself to invent a single instrument which should produce the same results, and shortly brought into practical use his "Gun Camera," working on the principle of the revolving pistol, and fitted with a stock and butt in the manner of an ordinary gun. With this a bird could be covered in its flight, and a very rapid succession of exposures given, each of $\frac{1}{750}$ of

a second in duration. Other machine cameras were invented in this country by Messrs. Greene & Evans and others, and the latest of these instruments are, of course, worked by electricity, an intermittent current crowding a marvellous number of separate exposures into a single second. Odd as many of the moving animals in the pictures thus produced appear to our unaccustomed eyes, it needs but to place them in their proper order in the Zoetrope or a similar instrument, to observe the reproduction of the motions as we see them in the most marvellously natural manner.

Herr Anschütz has carried this branch of instantaneous work to a very high degree

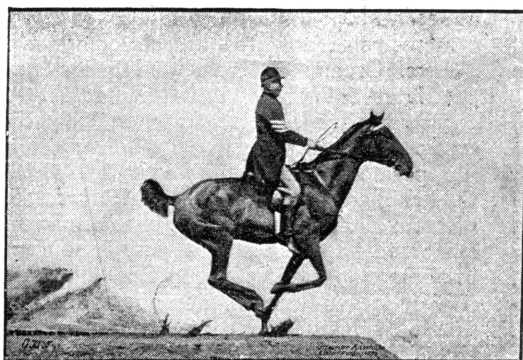


By Ottomar Anschütz.] SOLDIERS MARCHING.



By Ottomar Anschütz.] SOLDIERS MARCHING.

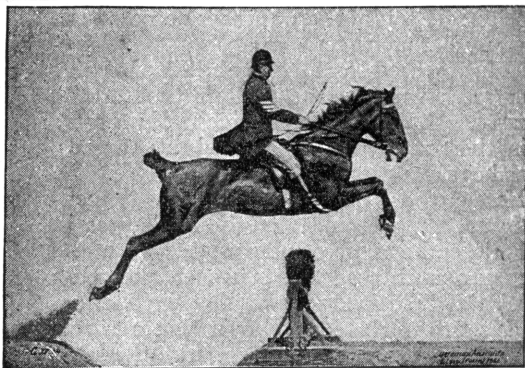
of perfection. He has a very admirable series of photographs of soldiers marching—too long a series to be reproduced here, although we give two, showing very different stages of the step. Of the series which give all the successive motions of a horse and rider taking a jump, we select four concerned in the most interesting part of the feat—the actual leap itself. Perhaps the most striking of these photographs is the first. A close examination will show that the horse is actually standing on one leg, about the last attitude one would imagine a horse to adopt in "taking off" for a jump. The two hind legs, it will be observed, are drawn up together, preparatory to bringing them down against the ground to give impetus to the spring. In



By Ottomar Anschütz.]
HORSE JUMPING—FIRST STAGE.

each of the succeeding pictures the leap is carried out, the coat-tails of the rider gracefully rising by degrees. The last of the pictures, just before landing, is probably the only one looking exactly as a painter would represent it. The little spirts and swirls observable about the ground in the first three are the dust disturbed in the gallop and take-off.

Of course in none of these pictures is the moving object absolutely fixed, in



By Ottomar Anschütz.] THIRD STAGE.

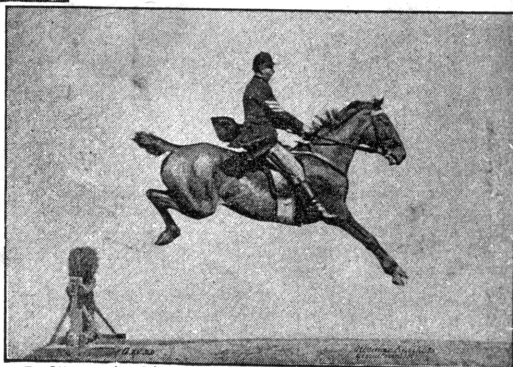


By Ottomar Anschütz.] SECOND STAGE.

the complete and microscopic sense. That would be an impossibility in the case of any continuous motion. In an ordinary slow exposure, should any part of the object move, it is seen with a smeary, misty edge in the resulting picture. Precisely the same thing takes place in every instantaneous picture of a moving thing or things, but the rapidity of the exposure reduces this smeariness to an imperceptible point. Thus if a succession of photographs were taken, say of a trotting horse,

giving exposures of one second, $\frac{1}{2}$ th of a second, $\frac{1}{10}$ th, $\frac{1}{50}$ th, $\frac{1}{100}$ th, and $\frac{1}{500}$ th in each case, the pictures would differ thus. In the first the whole thing would be an unrecognisable smudge; the next would be very little better. With $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a second the outline of the horse's trunk would be fairly distinct, unless his pace were great, but the legs would be a fog except any one leg which might be planted upon the ground in the middle of the exposure, and that would be indistinct, because

the legs of a smart trotter work very quickly, and his foot is never $\frac{1}{2}$ th of a second upon the ground. With the $\frac{1}{10}$ th the planted leg or legs (legs are not always planted two at a time as the eye tells us) would be fairly sharp, but the others would be blurred, unless the trot were slow or the horse some distance from the camera. The $\frac{1}{100}$ th exposure would be much better—probably a very respectable picture; while the $\frac{1}{500}$ th, of course, all things being favourable, a splendid photograph



By Ottomar Anschütz.] FOURTH STAGE.

should result. Still it must be remembered that the horse moves, even in $\frac{1}{500}$ th of a second, and the fogginess is in the picture,

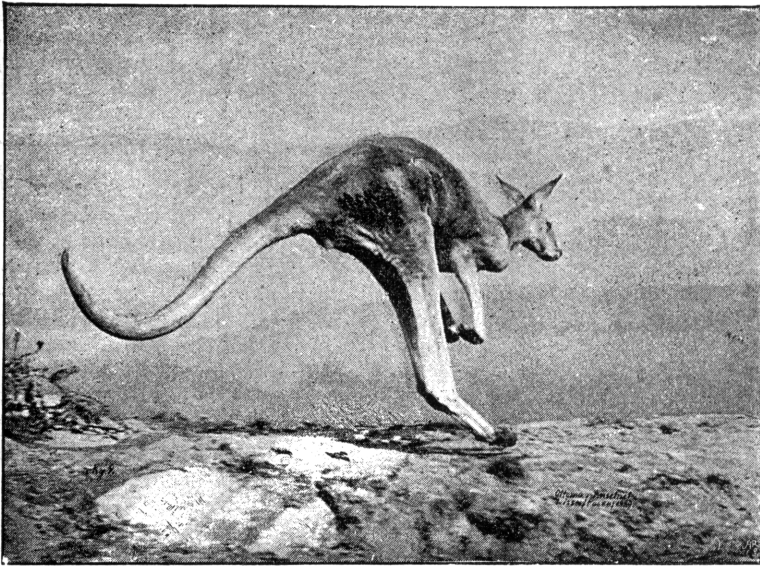
out for a stroll, and the two orang-outangs, are pictures caught at particularly happy moments. We print also an interesting picture of a rearing horse by Herr Anschütz. That showing an American cadet executing the awkward feat of vaulting over a galloping horse (page 637) is by an American gentleman.

Apart from these series, Herr Anschütz has achieved a singular feat in instantaneous photography by taking a clear picture of a conical shot projected from a big gun at the rate of 1,312 feet a second. For this he con-

structed a small camera of great strength, fitted with a shutter which was pulled downward across the face of the plate by an eight hundred pound weight. This was a roller blind shutter with a slit of $\frac{1}{500}$ of an inch in width. On one side, 200 feet off, a wire

but so reduced as to be imperceptible to the eye. Considerably shorter exposures than this are given for more rapid objects. It is always an easier thing to take a negative from a moving object from the front, because as it approaches its apparent movement is not so great as when it passes broadside on. The broadside-on position of a running horse is one of the most difficult to obtain of all things. Nevertheless it is almost invariably the first thing attempted by the adventurous amateur.

Herr Anschütz has also applied his photography with singular success to the production of pictures of wild animals in natural and unstudied circumstances. We reproduce some of the more striking of his results. The kangaroo just alighting from his leap, the two bears



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

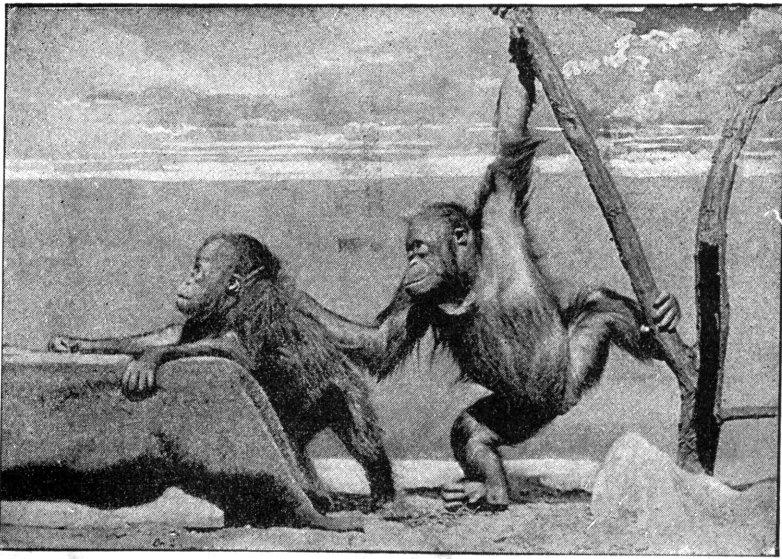
KANGAROO JUMPING.



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

BEARS WALKING.

netting was placed, and this was electrically connected with the shutter. The gun was fired so that the shot first passed through the wire netting; the immense weight was



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

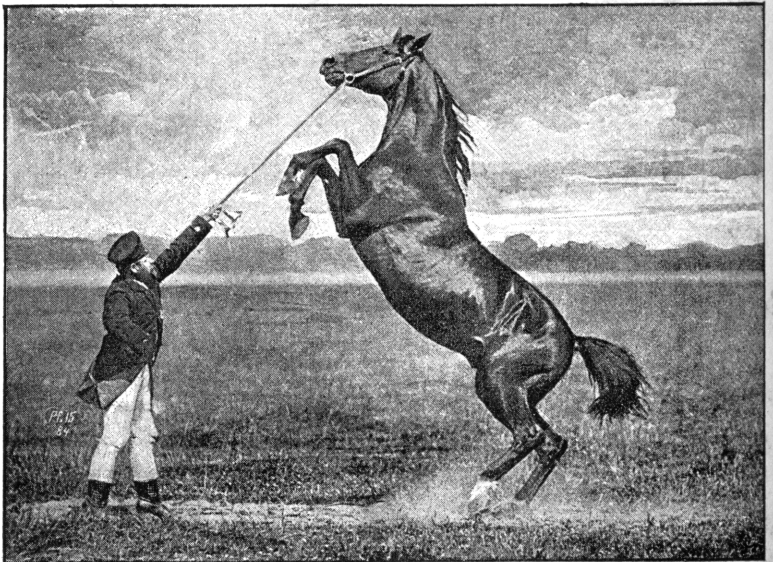
ORANG-OUTANGS AT PLAY

instantly released, bringing the slit of the shutter across the plate in $\frac{1}{40000}$ of a second, and the picture was taken. On development a perfectly clear image of the flying shot was brought out, exactly similar in all respects to another of a similar shot which had been hung up before the camera for comparison on the photograph.

The great essentials to the production of a good photograph of an object in rapid motion are a sufficient light of the proper chemical quality, an extremely sensitive plate, and a shutter of sufficient rapidity. The first of these essentials is absolute, and is the occasion of some quaint blunders on the part of ladies and gentlemen who are smitten with the superstition already alluded to—that a hand camera is a sort of magic apparatus, and quite a different article from all others. They buy a neat little box with a button, which they believe, when touched, will cause a

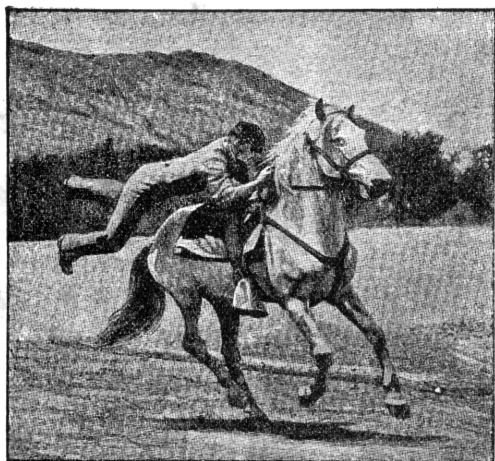
picture to be taken of whatever may be before the little box at the time, no matter where, what the light, or how rapidly the picture may be moving. They have seen photographs of the interior of rooms taken with an ordinary camera—probably with from five minutes to half an hour's exposure. Ah, but *this* is an instantaneous camera, they

argue, and, with an airy snap of the shutter, walk off, confident that the professional to whom they usually leave the development and printing—all the real photographic work, in fact—will be able to find somewhere in that mystic little box a picture of all that room and everything and everybody in it. The enthusiastic innocents do not understand that a hand camera is nothing but an ordinary camera without a stand, made more portable and simple—that, in fact, it is only made a hand camera



By Ottomar Anschütz.]

HORSE REARING.



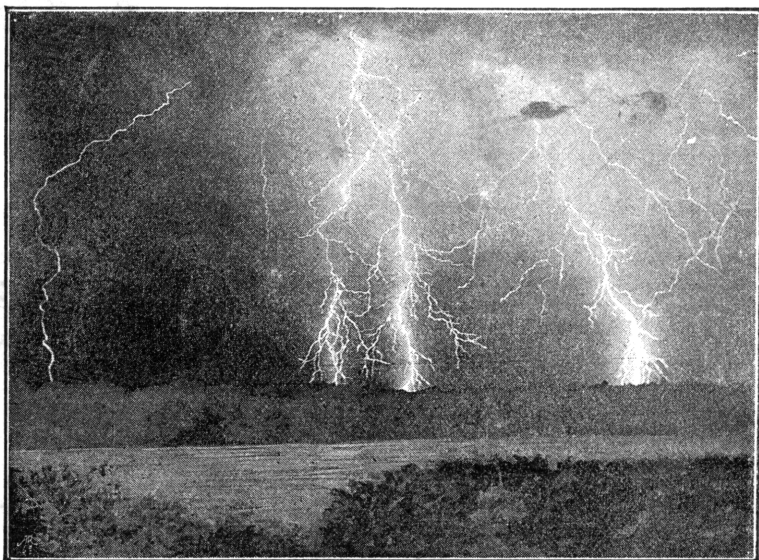
VAULTING OVER HORSE AT THE GALLOP.

in order that it may be carried easily and used at a moment's notice, and when a stand is impracticable; and that, picture for picture, an ordinary camera, fitted with a quick shutter, will, with its various adjustments, produce better instantaneous results.

perfectly still for many seconds together, and must, in such a case, be rested upon some stationary object.

The sensitiveness of the plate is now a matter almost invariably out of the operator's hands, and in that of the plate manufacturer, for at the present time there are few, even among professionals, who coat their own plates, except for very special or experimental purposes. It has, however, to be borne in mind that the joys of instantaneous work are modified by the fact that the more rapid a plate may be to receive the picture, the slower it becomes in development, the more care and skill must be exercised in all the operations, and the greater discomfort and trouble taken in the dark room, with much less than the ordinary light.

The shutter, too, is a matter for the maker. The more ordinary kind of shutter operates in front of the lens, and although admirable pictures are taken with these—they are, in fact, almost the only sort used by amateurs—for specially rapid work, a shutter immediately before the plate in the



By A. H. Binden.]

LIGHTNING.

No man understanding the use of an ordinary camera would undertake a "snap" picture of a group under trees; or in anything but the best light—he would give a proper "time" exposure; and if a picture of this sort is to be taken in a hand camera, it must have a "time" exposure too—wherein is seen a disadvantage of the hand camera, by reason that it cannot be held

interior of the camera is more effective. This usually takes the form of a roller blind with a slit of a particular width, which is drawn quickly over the plate, thus exposing only a small part at once, and again covering that part with extreme speed.

Some of the instantaneous photographs which have created the greatest impression

among the non-photographic public are those of lightning. It is natural to imagine that to secure these pictures, the most rapid of plates and the most perfect of shutters is requisite. As a matter of fact, no shutter is needed at all, and the best plates for the purpose are slow ones. The pictures can only be taken at night, and the process is this. The particular part of the sky in which the flashes are occurring is noted, together with the direction in which the storm appears to be travelling. The camera, brought to the usual focus for distant objects, is then pointed toward that quarter of the sky in which the next flash may be expected to appear. A slow plate is inserted, and the cap is taken from the lens. Upon the slow plate, in the darkness, no impression is made until the flash, immediately after which the cap is replaced, and the plate is ready for development and fixing. Many magnificent photographs of lightning have been taken in this way, and again a blow is dealt at art convention, for never has the picture contained anything like that sharp zig-zag of straight lines pictorially held to represent lightning. A very fine lightning photograph is that which we here produce, taken a few years ago by Mr. A. H. Binden. Here are several distinct great

number of interlacing branches, in appearance like the rivers and their tributaries on a map, giving the sky the semblance of a great cracked ceiling. In some photographs *dark* lines have been observed among the others, of exactly the same shape, and branching from the flashes in exactly the same way. For this extraordinary phenomenon various explanations have been offered, but none that seem quite sufficient.

Among other photographs of natural phenomena, those of leaping and falling water and spray are very interesting. We reproduce an American photograph of the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara—a very good and clear specimen. It was at about this spot that Captain Webb was drowned.



By Messrs. Underwood.]

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS—NIAGARA.

Altogether the subject of quick photography is a most fascinating one. Although, as we have shown, the art is anything but an outcome of the last few years, it has probably an immense and almost undreamt-of future before it. By its agency, in conjunction with electricity, we are already promised facilities for observing a theatrical performance while sitting at home, what time the telephone or phonograph gives us the words and music of the piece.

Let us then watch quick photography, and prophesy its possibilities one to another.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN, FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

MARZI had been a soldier for many years, and was much beloved by his comrades, for he was as merry as he was brave, and generous almost to a fault; but, unfortunately, the king under whom this popular soldier served never went to war with any of his neighbours; so, seeing that he was not likely to make a career in the army, Marzi determined to buy his discharge and to return to his relations.

He arrived at home to find that his father was just dead, and his goods were in the act of being divided among his heirs. Although the soldier had never expected a large inheritance, still he was a good deal surprised to receive as his portion nothing more nor less than a silver penny. But he accepted this fresh stroke of ill luck as cheerfully as he had done every other; and, turning his back on his old home, he set out on his travels very little richer than when he returned to his father's house.

He wandered on for some time through field and meadow, till he reached a wood. Here he was stopped by a poor old beggar

with grey hair, who begged him pitifully for alms. Without a moment's thought, Marzi plunged his hand into his pocket, and presented the old man on the spot with his whole inheritance.

The beggar thanked him gratefully, and said—

"Your generosity shall be richly rewarded. Joy and blessing shall follow you wherever you go. Only speak, and whatever you wish shall be granted to you."

Marzi was much astonished at the old man's words, but answered promptly—

"Since it is only to wish I have, I would rather have the power of changing myself at will into a dove, into a hare, and into a salmon than anything else in the world."

"Your desire is granted," said the beggar. "Go your way, and think sometimes of me." And hardly had he said these words than he vanished.

The sudden apparition and the strange words of the old beggar so filled the soldier's mind that he never noticed that he had passed over the boundary of his native country. Before sunset Marzi found himself in a strange capital, where all was

uproar and merriment ; and, in the midst of dancing and singing, soldiers in glittering uniforms were persuading young men to enlist in the army, for the king of the country had entangled himself in a war, and had not enough men to carry it on successfully.

The smart appearance of the recruiting-sergeants, their fine uniforms, the glittering heaps of shillings on the table, round which the crowd danced, together with the sound of fiddles and the clinking of glasses, delighted the soldier so much that, in spite of his fatigue, he joined the dancing and merry-making, and drank one glass after another to the King's health. Before he knew what he had done he had a shako with a waving plume on his head, and a silver shilling in his pocket.

The next day he found himself once more installed in his former life, and soon after his regiment was ordered to advance and attack the enemy.

As Marzi was a very fine-looking man, and knew his duty well, he was very soon selected for the King's Body Guard. But this mark of favour made him many enemies among the other soldiers, for they did not see why a stranger who had not distinguished himself in the King's service should be chosen before them.

Now the King had once upon a time been given a magic ring, which made its possessor invincible while he wore it. Unfortunately it happened that just at this crisis when it would have been of most use to him, for his foe was a very formidable one, the King found that he had left his ring at home. The enemy's army marched against him, and fell on his men so suddenly that he was obliged to retreat in order to assemble fresh troops, and although he soon filled up his ranks, and led them once more against the foe, keeping up the spirits of his soldiers by his own brave example and by dazzling promises for the future, his efforts were fruitless. His hitherto unfailling luck seemed to have utterly deserted him, and his army suddenly becoming aware of their evil plight, saw that they would soon be completely defeated and taken prisoners, along with their leader.

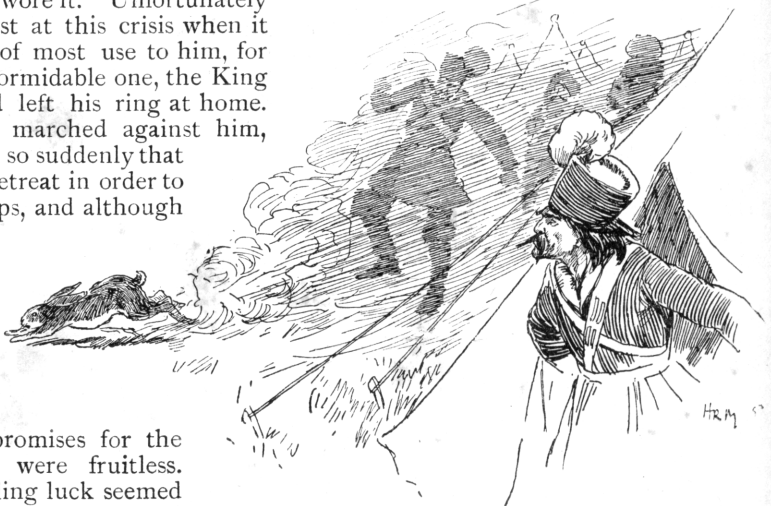
Then the King called out in despair,

"The man who fetches me my ring before we are overpowered by the enemy, shall have the hand of my only daughter as his reward."

But the danger that threatened them was so immediate, and the distance from the capital so great, that the quickest rider would not trust himself to be back in time, for at the very shortest it would take seven days and seven nights to cross the rivers, and mountains, and plains that separated the capital from the camp. Everyone was fully aware of this, and no one offered to attempt the ride.

Then Marzi, remembering the three magic gifts the old beggar had endowed him with, stepped forward, and, saluting the King, he said : "Your Majesty shall have your ring immediately, and then I beg you will remember your promise;" and in a moment he shook himself and fled as fast as lightning through the tents of the warriors in the shape of a hare. He ran so quickly that the dust rose in great clouds behind him, which astonished everyone not a little.

Soon he came to a broad river, where he shook himself again, and swam across it in the shape of a silver salmon, and when he had reached the other side he shook himself once more, and flew in the shape of a dove, quicker than the wind, over hill and dale. Before the King in his camp could have



"IN THE SHAPE OF A HARE."

dreamt it possible, Marzi had reached the palace ; and, flying through an open window into the room of the beautiful Princess, he perched upon her knee.

The King's daughter caressed the tame dove, and was giving it milk and sugar, when suddenly it shook its feathers violently, and Marzi in his own natural form stood before the astonished eyes of the Princess. He told her at once for what purpose he had come, and when she had heard his story she was delighted to think she was to have such a brave and handsome soldier for a husband.

She gave him the wonderful talisman, and warned him at the same time to beware on his return to the camp of the envy and jealousy of his comrades.

For fear he should be robbed of the ring on his way back, or lest any other misfortune should happen to him, Marzi begged the Princess to keep three tokens of him to show the King. Then he shook himself, and became a dove once more, which perched on her knee, and said :

"Princess fair, before me kneel,
And from my wings two feathers steal."

The Princess did as she was bid, and pulled two beautiful feathers out of the dove's wings. When she had done so, the dove shook itself, and a lovely silver salmon lay before her and said :

"Princess, with your finger nails
Scrape off eight of my silver scales."

And the Princess took eight lovely silver scales from the fish's back. In a moment the salmon shook itself also, and turned into a hare, which said :

"Princess mine, yet one demand—
Cut off my tail with your own fair hand."

The Princess took a pair of scissors and cut the hare's tail off, and put all three tokens in a little box, which she placed under lock and key among her other treasures. In the meantime the hare had shaken itself, and standing once more in his proper character before her, Marzi bade the Princess a tender farewell.

Thereupon he again changed himself into a dove, and, seizing the magic ring in its beak, flew with all haste out of the window. The long journey back to the camp, together with the weight of the ring, tired the poor little creature dreadfully ; but it put forth all its strength, and flew cheerfully in the direction of the camp, where the King sat eagerly awaiting Marzi's return. But just as the dove came in sight of the camp a wind suddenly arose, and

beat so violently against its wings that it was obliged to give up flying, and turn itself into a hare. Then taking the ring between its teeth, it ran as fast as its legs could carry it, till it was close on the King's tent.

But Marzi soon found out that the Princess's fears had not been groundless. One of his comrades, who had seen him run away in the shape of a hare, was so filled with jealousy that he determined to waylay the gallant soldier on his way back, and to seize from him the magic ring which he had promised the King. He hid himself therefore behind a bush, and when the hare passed by he

shot it on the spot, and, taking the ring out of its mouth, he brought it to the King, who was greatly delighted at getting his magic talisman again, and repeated once more the reward he had promised to the bringer.

Hardly an hour had passed when the fortune of war changed, and success was henceforward on the King's side. The enemy's army was vanquished, their prince slain, all the weapons of war and many costly treasures were captured, and the whole country was conquered with very little difficulty.

When the war was over, the King set forth with his army to his own country, and arrived at his capital amid the joyful acclamation of his people. The Princess rejoiced greatly over his return, but her



"SHE CUT THE HARE'S TAIL OFF."

eyes sought in vain, among the ranks of brave warriors who assembled round the palace waving their triumphant banners, for her bridegroom.

But now the King advanced to meet her, and, leading Marzi's murderer before her, said :

"Here is he to whom I have promised your hand ; the brave soldier who brought me the ring. To-morrow your wedding shall be celebrated at the same time as a feast in honour of our conquest."

When the Princess heard these words she burst out crying, and didn't cease all day or night. So unhappy was she, that she became very ill. But she never revealed the cause of her suffering to anyone, only she steadily refused to take any nourishment, and she never stopped crying for a minute, in consequence of which both the wedding and banquet had to be put off. Day after day the King grew more alarmed ; the suffering of his daughter made him very unhappy, and neither he nor the doctors could discover the cause of it.

In the meantime, Marzi was lying on the ground, and was very nearly becoming food for the crows, when one day the old beggar who had given him the three magic gifts in exchange for his silver penny happened to come along the field, and found the poor little hare lying stiff and stark on the ground. He recognised Marzi at once, and said :

"Hare, get up and live again. Shake yourself, and go as fast as your legs will carry you to the Palace, for another stands there in your place. Make haste, or you will be too late."

Then the hare sprang up alive and well, and hastened with all its might over moor and heath, and when it came to the banks of the broad river it turned itself into a silver salmon and swam across. Then it transformed itself once more into a dove, and flew swiftly over hill and dale till it reached the King's palace. Here it shook itself, and Marzi the soldier stood once more in his Sovereign's presence. But the King wouldn't listen to his story, and told him that he was telling a lie, at the same time confronting him with the man who had brought the magic ring.

This encounter so upset Marzi that he could hardly restrain his tears ; but he plucked up courage, and said :

"Grant me, gracious King, leave to prove to you that I am no impostor and have spoken the truth. Let the Princess be called, and hear from her lips who is her rightful bridegroom, I or that deceiver !"

The King looked at him narrowly as he said these words, and as he looked he remembered that it was Marzi and no other who had offered to go and fetch the ring ; but he said nothing, and led the poor soldier at once into the Princess's presence.

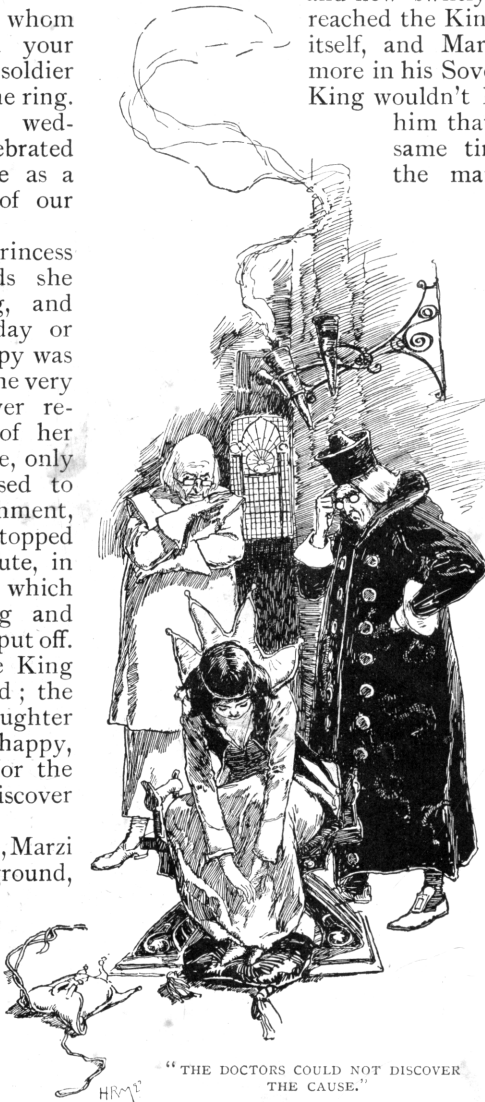
They found the Princess still in the deepest grief, but the moment her eye lighted on Marzi she sprang up and ran joyfully towards him, crying :

"Here is my real bridegroom ; it was to him I gave the ring, and

to him alone the defeat of the enemy was due."

This declaration astonished everyone greatly ; the King was very embarrassed as to how he was to act, for he only knew that one of the men had offered to bring the ring, and that the other had actually brought it.

Then the Princess went and got her box



"THE DOCTORS COULD NOT DISCOVER THE CAUSE."

in which she had treasured up Marzi's tokens, and said to her father : "Command the rivals to change themselves in turn into a dove, a salmon, and a hare."

The King did as she asked, but the false bridegroom stood motionless, and as if paralysed by fear and terror.

But of a sudden Marzi shook himself, and changing into a dove he perched on the Princess's knee, and said :

"Princess dear, put my feathers back ;
One in each wing you'll find I lack."

Then the Princess took the two feathers out of her box and stuck them into the dove's wings, so that everyone saw they belonged to the bird.

In a minute the dove had shaken itself and a silver salmon lay in its place, which said :

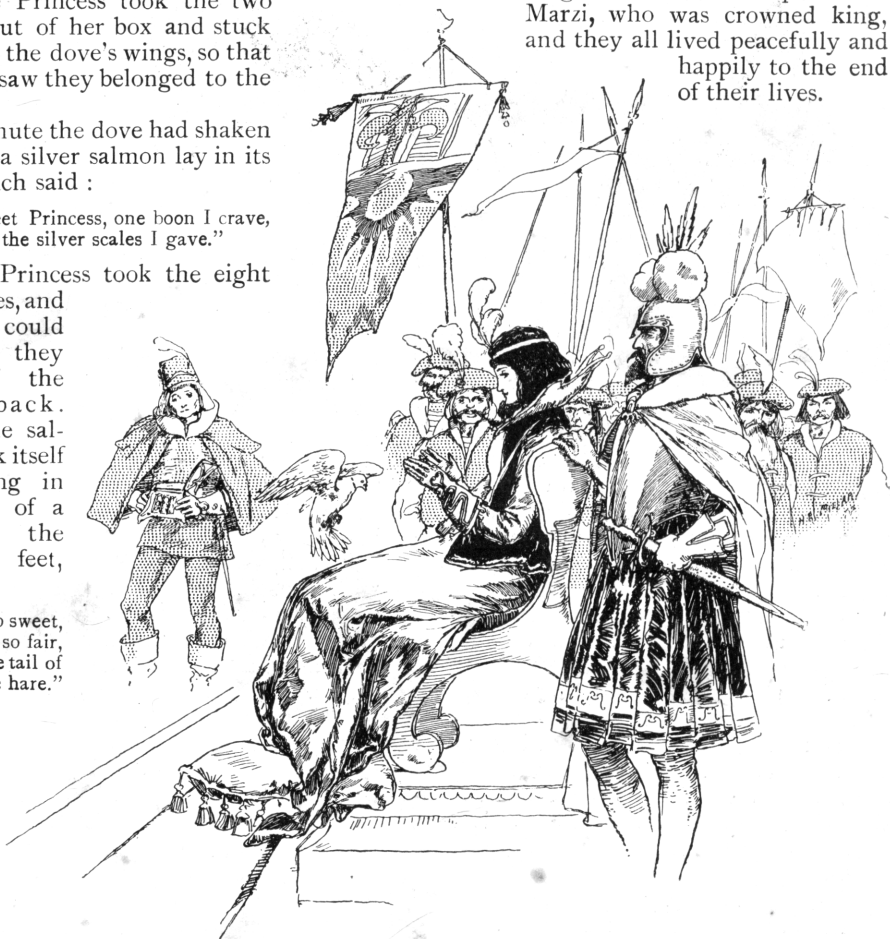
"Now, sweet Princess, one boon I crave,
Put back the silver scales I gave."

And the Princess took the eight silver scales, and all eyes could see that they came off the fish's back. Finally the salmon shook itself and sprang in the form of a hare to the Princess's feet, and said :

"My bride so sweet,
Princess so fair,
Give up the tail of
the little hare."

Then everyone saw with their own eyes that the hare had lost its tail, and that the one the Princess took out of her little box fitted it exactly. And, last of all, the hare shook itself also, and Marzi stood before them all in his natural form.

As soon as the King had heard his story, he had the false bridegroom caught and hung on the nearest gallows. The very next day the Princess was married to her brave soldier, and never was there such a merry wedding. The King presented the kingdom he had conquered to Marzi, who was crowned king, and they all lived peacefully and happily to the end of their lives.



"HE PERCHED ON THE PRINCESS'S KNEE."

The Queer Side of Things.



THE two spirits William and James — whose previous argument touching the possibility of the existence of worlds it is the reader's duty to recollect—were again wandering through the desolation of unoccupied space, when James, the young and fanciful, suddenly once again broke the oppressive silence.

"William," said he, "I have been thinking more about that system of creation of which I spoke."

William chuckled a rumbling chuckle of unmannerly raillery, and said—

"You have, of course, in thinking it over again, perceived the wild impracticability of the whole thing; and are about to unreservedly admit that neither universes, worlds, man, or anything else could possibly exist——"

"I have perceived nothing of the kind," replied James, somewhat irritably. "But the phase of the subject which has just been occupying my mind is war——"

"Yes," said William in his nasty way, "that assuredly *would* be the most prominent—nay, the engrossing—phase of any existence in which those phantastically imaginary creatures you call 'human beings' might take part. War—extermination—the end. Well?"

"Well, I admit the preponderance of

war, but not the sequel you are pleased to suggest. I have dreamed the whole thing in its sequence. There would be war—war becoming ever more and more devastating—to a certain point——"

"But," interrupted William, "before you go on wasting valuable eternity with your speculations, let me just ask you one question. You will, I take it, at once admit that the predominant characteristic of these human beings of yours is—foolishness bordering on idiocy?"

"Well, ye—es," said James, communing with himself. "Ye—es. I see them universally agreeing to abolish all self-respect and establish a complicated system of mutual fraud which they will call 'commerce.' I see them heaping all their wealth upon howlers of drivelling comic songs, while allowing great writers to die of starvation. Ye—es, I admit the predominant characteristic."

"Very well, then," said William, "are these 'human beings' worth inventing?"

"Well—n—. Beshrew me, mustn't I amuse myself with a fad if I like?" said James, feeling rather cornered, and consequently angry. "Let me go on, while I remember my Vision of War. Well, first I seemed to see my human beings agreeing to kill each other with sharpened flints; this was slow work and not sufficiently sanguinary, so they set their brains (there, don't sneer) their brains to work to devise something capable of shedding larger quantities of blood with more facility. You need not laugh at that, for blood would be



"AGREEING TO KILL EACH OTHER WITH SHARPENED FLINTS."

most useful in enriching the earth from which, you must bear in mind, these creatures would obtain their sustenance. You deafen one with your unthinking laughter, William! Well, they seemed to find out a way of making weapons of metal. Soon after this I seemed to see them covering their bodies with metal to resist the weapons——"

"But, look here," said William, "would it not have saved trouble, had you originally dreamed them as naturally coated with metal from birth?"

"No!" said James curtly, "the earth has to be enriched somehow. *Do* hold your tongue, and let me go on! I perceived their bodies coated with metal. Then, a little later, they began to perceive that the weapons needed improvement in order

to keep up the proper supply of blood to the soil; and so they agreed to invent fire-arms which would pierce the metal casing. Then, again, in a little while I dreamed that these beings discarded the metal casing altogether——"

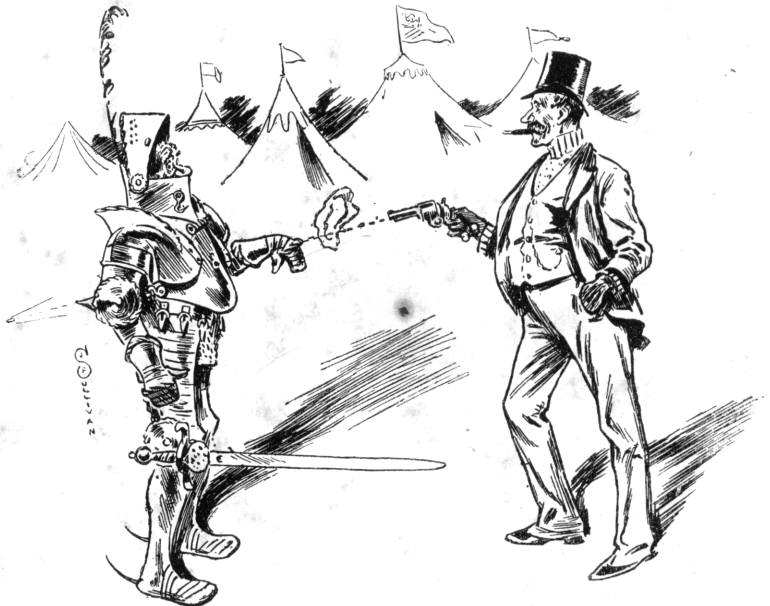
"Soil getting poor again?"

"No, not in the least; but it had become ineffectual as a protection against the firearms."

"What *very* curious creatures these of yours seem to be!" said William. "One would really think that, instead of agreeing to kill themselves off like this, they would agree once for all to abolish the weapons, and live!"

"I am, I confess, somewhat puzzled about that," said James thoughtfully. "And the fact is, after long observation of their habits, I am not convinced that they *desire* to live. In fact, evidences point almost conclusively to the contrary. I am inclined to think that the earth they live upon is *the* one object of their devotion, for which, and to which, they delight to sacrifice themselves and everything else; for I dreamed that they were always ready to sacrifice conscience and——"

"What is that?" asked William. "You



"THEY AGREED TO INVENT FIREARMS."

have not spoken of their having that before."

"No; I was not quite sure what it was. You see, I seemed to hear them continually talking about it as something very valuable—something that ought to fetch a long price; and I fancy it must be an article of commerce. In fact, from what I can glean, it seems that, when the competition between, for instance, the manufacturers of any given nation has become very keen, they begin to part with their 'consciences'—to put them up in the parcels of goods; give them away with a pound of tea, as it were. And I dreamed that certain of the nations—for example, one called 'Great Britain,' and others named 'Germany,' and 'America'—did a very large export trade in these articles. From this I conclude that the article must be a something to fall back upon when the natural resources of a nation—produce and industry—have given out. Let us take it, then, that 'conscience' is a highly prized article of commerce. Well, I say, I dreamed that they were always ready to sacrifice even this article to the soil: every one of them seemed eager to exchange the commodity for the smallest slice of earth; and nations would do *anything* to obtain an extra bit of the latter. In fact, there seemed to be a fairly definite standard of relative market value between blood, and earth, and conscience—perhaps a quart of the two former, mixed, for a square foot of the latter; or something of that kind.

"But about war. Gradually, I dreamed, the firearms became more and more destructive, while all the elements, and everything in existence, were pressed into the service of war; and so absorbed were my human beings in the perfecting of war that they invented a subsidiary state of affairs called 'Peace,' which, on referring to these creatures' dictionaries, I found to be 'An interval necessary to the effective preparation of war.' The nations were never altogether in their element during these intervals; and, of course, any protracted peace meant the gradual impoverishment of the soil for want of the fertiliser.

"Well, war seemed to grow ever more terrible; until it came to such a pass that a single human being could destroy a whole nation by simply pressing a small button with his finger. This rendered the

thing *too* wholesale, for it was found that the supply of the fertiliser—(let us speak of it in future under this name, as it is so much less unpleasant)—began to exceed the requirements of the soil, and thus to be rather detrimental to production than otherwise. Then I fancied that all the nations—that is, all that was left of them—solemnly consulted about the matter; and I heard talk of a mighty power not long discovered, and then being gradually brought to perfection; and I saw all the nations devote the ensuing interval of peace to destroying their great and com-



"A SINGLE HUMAN BEING COULD DESTROY A WHOLE NATION."

plicated machineries of war, which had required so much thought and labour to produce. The enormous guns, with the great cracks in them which had resulted from firing them once to try them, were placed in museums, never more to be used; the great ships which had all, in the course of their regular business, run upon rocks, began to be visited by curious sightseers, who travelled to them on the flying machines which had been constructed as engines of war.

"Then I seemed to perceive, from the

movements of bodies of human beings, that another war had broken out ; and I perceived the armies mustering and going through their exercises ; but the whole

"Then I dreamed what seemed to be private practice between the officers ; two of them standing face to face in the same way, until one of them began to rub his eyes, or to sink down.

"And then I saw the armies come out from the two nations which were apparently at war, and camp opposite each other ; but even now not a sign of any weapon or instrument of war ! I was much surprised to see that many of the battalions were composed of women ; and I was no less surprised to perceive no ambu-



"WITH GREAT CRACKS IN THEM."

circumstances and conditions appeared to be entirely changed.

"There were no weapons—not even an officer carried a sword ; there was not a trumpet or a drum. When a regiment or a company had to be mustered, I perceived that a being went and stood, or sat, in utter silence at some point or other ; and, after he had remained there a short space, others would approach him as if drawn to him, until the requisite number were collected. Then, without a sound passing, or any sign being made, the mass of them would perform their evolutions ; but these evolutions differed entirely from any I had observed in all the periods preceding. Sometimes two files of men would be placed facing each other, and would remain silent and motionless for a considerable time, one file gazing intently at the other ; until at length one or other of the two files seemed to waver in its gaze, some of its members occasionally sinking to the ground as if oppressed by sleep ; and there the affair would end. At other times whole regiments would be thus placed opposite to each other, with similar results,

lance, nor any of those preparations for attending to the wounded which had been so conspicuous formerly. In fact, the whole of this part of my dream puzzled me so much that I paid particular attention to all



"MANY OF THE BATTALIONS WERE COMPOSED OF WOMEN."

the details. Early one morning strong coffee and other stimulants were served out to the men, who then proceeded to form into order of battle ; that is to say, the contending hosts spread themselves out into two long lines, within a few feet of each

other, and then deliberately sat down—entirely unarmed—and stared fixedly at one another. As soon as they had settled themselves in this way, the generals' staffs on either side took up their positions on rising ground.

"Then I waited expectantly for the slaughter to commence, but neither side moved a muscle. Presently, however, I perceived something wrong with the left wing of one of the armies; for the soldiers began to sink down to the ground by twos and threes, while others averted their gaze from their opponents, or began rubbing their eyes with their fists. As soon as all this was perceived, there issued suddenly from behind a copse, after the manner of cavalry, a great troop of mummers, jugglers, singers, and others of that kind, among whom were many women; and these, filing in between that wavering left wing and their opponents, began to act stage-plays, and grimace, and sing songs, and perform conjuring feats, apparently with a view to divert the attention of the enemy from the battle. And, indeed, they appeared to succeed in doing so to such an extent that the left wing had opportunity to recover somewhat and put on a better front, on seeing which the enemy seemed to again fix their gaze more steadily upon them, ignoring the mummers; so that in a short time nearly

the whole of the left wing had sunk down to the ground; and from its ranks there went up a mighty sound as of snoring.

"Meanwhile, what was apparently a picked reserve, composed of women—which had been hovering in the rear—now came hurriedly forward and sat down in front of the worsted left wing, and fixed their gaze so unblinkingly upon the enemy's right, that, almost in no time, these were snoring, to a man, even more loudly than their opponents. The enemy now began to show signs of wavering all along the line, which became more pronounced as the picked corps, having conquered the enemy's left wing, were now free to direct their attack to other parts of his line.

"The fight continued, however, well into the night, the whole field of action being brilliantly illuminated as soon as dusk set in by electric lights. About midnight the enemy's centre completely gave way, and the picked corps, marching in column through the gap, wheeled, and sat down behind his right wing, which was now exposed to a double fire before and behind, and very soon surrendered at discretion.

"The survivors, now rallying at different points of the field, marched back to camp; making way for the several army service corps, the members of which went hither and thither among the sleeping, covering



"THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

them with cloaks, and making them as comfortable as possible.

"I explored the field of battle early in the morning, and at first the thunder of the snoring so overpowered me that I felt quite dizzy and bewildered; but I became used to it. The sight was a very curious one: on all hands the field was littered with the victims of the battle, lying singly, or—where the fight had been most severe—in heaps. Some lay upon their backs, others upon their noses; some again were curled up into extraordinary attitudes, brought about by their struggles to keep awake. I was afterwards informed that a sharpshooter had effected an entrance into the tent of the general of the defeated army early in the battle and succeeded in putting him to sleep, this being one of the causes of that side's losing the day."

"Ah, yes. This all seems dreadful nonsense—dreadful!" remarked William, complacently. "May I ask by what extraordinary power one of your armies conquered the other in that way?"

"By means of hypnotism," replied James. "A power discovered and utilised by my human beings in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—having also been discovered and utilised some five thousand years previously, and several times before that. It would be the power exercised by one mind over another, by superior force of will——"

"Oh, yes! I think I recollect your saying that your human beings were to possess minds; though their doings, subsequently described, had caused me to forget it. But how beings like those, without mind enough to control their own actions with a decent amount of intelligence, could possibly control the minds of others—well! If, with only their own actions to control, they never do anything more intelligent than

eat, and kill each other, *what* kind of result would be arrived at when they had to look after the actions of others, too? I suppose your conquered nation would become the slaves of your conquering nation, eh?"

"Exactly. They would no longer have any will of their own."

"Hum! Well, seeing what your puppets are engaged in doing when they *have* a will of their own, that would be a change for the better, certainly. But, I say, James, look here, how about the Fertiliser? There would be no bloodshed, and the soil would become——"

"Oh," said James, "at this time artificial chemical fertilisers will be introduced."

"I see. But wouldn't your world very soon get overcrowded, so that it can't possibly support its inhabitants?"

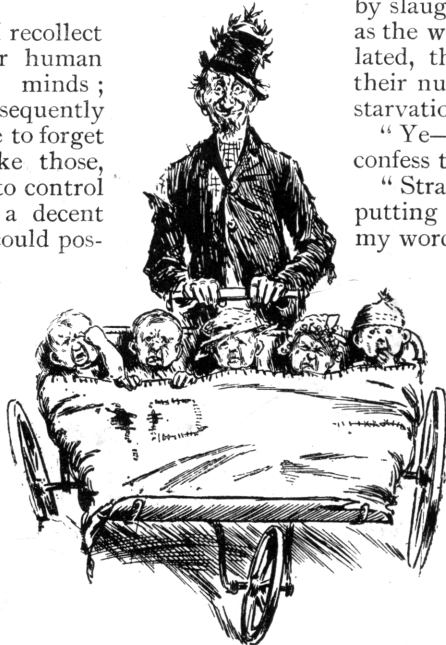
"It would," said James. "That is the very consummation which my human beings would most desire and yearn for. In the later ages, in countries already too full to support their inhabitants, the greatest honour would be paid to those citizens bringing up the largest families, particularly when those families must inevitably be chargeable to the parish. In proportion to the increase of the birth-rate in such countries would be the wildness of the inhabitants' rejoicings."

"Why, first your human beings are mad to reduce their limited numbers by slaughter; and then, as soon as the world is getting over-populated, they are mad to increase their numbers to suffocation and starvation point!"

"Ye—es," said James. "I must confess they have strange ways."

"Strange w—! Well, that's putting it mildly. James, take my word for it, it's a remarkably good thing that these human beings of yours, and these worlds of yours, could never, by any possibility, exist!"

J. F. SULLIVAN.



SILVER-PLATED.

By W. L. ALDEN.



"THE REV. MR. WATERMAN."

THE *Etruria* was nearing New York, and the prospect of the inevitable interview with the Custom House officers had already cast a gloom over the passengers. For the most part they were silent, and their faces wore an anxious and solemn expression. The Rev. Mr. Waterman, of the Eighth Day Baptist Church, who had bought largely of ready-made clothing in London, even suggested that it might be well to hold a prayer-meeting in the saloon.

A group of half a dozen men were sitting in the lee of one of the deck-houses, smoking silently, when one of the number, a young and sanguine person, suddenly exclaimed :

"I don't be-

lieve any honest man ever has any trouble with the Custom House. It's the fellows who want to defraud the Government who make all the complaints."

"What you say may be patriotism, and it may be ignorance——"

"What's the difference?" murmured a cynical interrupter.

"But," continued the speaker, "it isn't true. I never tried to defraud the Government, but for all that I've had more trouble with the Custom House than if I'd been an honest collector of the port, trying not to mix up politics with the business of the office."

"America expects every man to pay his duty, Colonel," replied the sanguine young man, with a vague reminiscence of Nelson. "Tell us about your trouble, and I rather think you'll have to admit that it was because you didn't want to pay duty on something."

The Colonel was the usual kind of American colonel, and was understood to be a sort of theatrical manager, a position which in the United States entitles a man to the relative rank of colonel in the militia, and commodore in the canal boat service. He had on several occasions shown a know-



"I NEVER TRIED TO DEFRAUD THE GOVERNMENT."

ledge of music and of professional musicians which had won for him some respect among those of his fellow passengers who did not know the difference between a hurdy-gurdy and a hautboy, and were therefore fond of posing as musical critics. He was a shrewd, good-tempered colonel, and the bar-keeper said that he was the most elegant, high-toned gentleman he had ever crossed with.

"Electricity, gentlemen," resumed the Colonel, "is the biggest thing of the century, but it has its drawbacks. Did any of you ever happen to ride on that electric railroad in Berlin? Well, I have, and most anybody who goes to Berlin is liable to ride on it. It taught me, however, that a man ought to be pretty careful when he trusts himself in an electric car."

"It happened in this way. I was an agent in the general show business, and was collecting an opera company for a friend of mine who was going to open in Chicago. I had come across a first-class tenor—found him in a country church choir in Germany—and was bringing him home with me under a contract, when he and I took that ride on that Berlin electric road. He was a careless sort of chap, and he sat down in a corner of the car where the electricity had been leaking, and the seat was pretty wet."

"I never knew before," remarked the young man, "that electricity could make a seat wet."

"Probably not," retorted the Colonel. "I should judge that there might be a right smart lot of things that you mightn't know. Most of these gentlemen here, however, have probably heard that nowadays electricity is put up for use in bottles and metallic cans. It stands to reason that anything capable of being put into a bottle is capable of leaking, and wetting whatever it leaks on. If there is anybody here who knows more about bottles than I do, I'm ready to let him tell this story."

"As I was saying, my man sat down in a sort of pool of electric

fluid, and sat there for about half an hour. He was wearing in the fob pocket of his trousers a cheap silver watch. I had given it to him so that he might get some exercise, and prevent himself from getting too fat. He never suspected my motive, but he tired himself all out winding it up for two hours every night. Now you may not believe it, but I give you my word that the electricity completely dissolved that watch case, and deposited the silver around the

man's waist. He didn't find it out till night, and you never saw a man so scared as when he found that there was a band about four inches wide silver-plated all round his waist. The doctor told him that the only possible way of getting it off would be to dissolve it with acid, but that the acid would eat clean through to his spine and injure his voice. So my tenor had to let bad enough alone, and be satisfied with another ten-and-sixpenny gymnasium, that I gave him to mollify

his feelings.

"We came over on the *Arizona*, and it got around during the passage that my man was silver-plated. There was a Custom-house spy on board, and so it happened that after the tenor had sworn that he had nothing dutiable with him, the inspector ordered him to strip and be personally ex-



"HE SAT DOWN IN A CORNER OF THE CAR."



"SILVER-PLATED."

amed. Of course when this was done, it was discovered that he was silver-plated, and he was held for duty under the general heading in the tariff of 'all other articles, silver-plated or in whole, and not elsewhere enumerated,' and taxed fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, and fined two hundred and fifty dollars for failing to declare that he was plated. He couldn't pay, and I wouldn't pay, and so he was locked up in a bonded warehouse, and I went to consult my lawyer.

"I laid all the facts before him, and told him I would pay him handsomely if he could get my man out of the Custom-house without paying either duty or fine. Now the lawyer knew the tariff from beginning to end, and if any man could help me I knew he could. He didn't promise anything at

You wouldn't like to pay forty-three or four thousand dollars duty on him.'

"I'd see him sent to Congress first!' says I.

"Very well,' says the lawyer. 'Then perhaps we could classify him as machinery, or parts thereof. But you wouldn't save much in that way. You'd have to pay forty per cent. *ad valorem*, and very likely the appraisers would say that you had undervalued the man, and would value him at double what your contract seems to say he is worth. They're bound to protect American machinery against the pauper labour of Europe every time.'

"How would it do to classify him as old family plate?' said I.

"Worse and worse,' said the lawyer. 'He'd have to pay sixty per cent., and



"HOW WOULD IT DO TO CLASSIFY HIM AS OLD FAMILY PLATE?"

first, but he discussed the question by and large, and in all its bearings.

"I'm afraid,' said he, 'that there is no hope of getting your friend out without paying duty, but we may succeed in having him classified so as to make the duty very low. For instance, you say the man is a professional singer. Now we might have him classed as a musical instrument, and taxed forty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. By the bye, what did you agree to pay him?'

"I agreed to pay him,' says I, 'a hundred dollars per week.'

"That's bad,' says the lawyer. 'A hundred dollars a week is fifty-two hundred per year, which is about the interest at six per cent. on eighty-seven thousand dollars.

you'd have a good deal of difficulty in proving that he is old family plate. Of course it could be done, but it would probably cost you more than the whole amount of the duty. They're a perfectly honest set of men, the appraisers, and they naturally come high.'

"What will I do, then?' says I; 'let him die in the Custom-house and then sue for damages?'

"There might be something worth while done in that way,' says the lawyer, 'but it would be middling hard on the man. But I'll tell you what we can do. Didn't you say that the man was singing in a church choir when you hired him?'

"I did so,' says I.

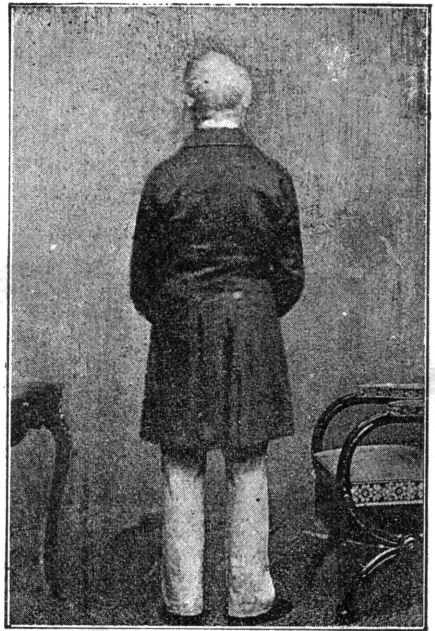
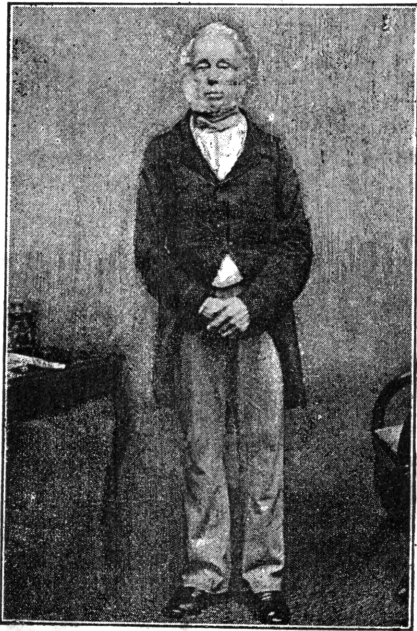
"All right,' says the lawyer. 'We'll

classify him as "an article used in the service of religion," and get him in free of any duty whatever. You go and get him an engagement in a church without an hour's delay, and then come to me. We'll beat the Custom-house this time, sure enough.'

"I got the man an engagement to sing for a week in a Methodist meeting-house, and before the week was out he was decided to be an article used in the service of religion, and was returned to me free of duty, and

cursing the head off of every officer in the revenue service. The end of it was that my tenor claimed that I had broken my contract by setting him to sing in a church, and he sued me for damages, and got them too. So you see, my young friend, that a man may have trouble with the Custom-house who does not want to defraud the Government out of anything, not even the duty on that sealskin sack that I hear you have taken apart and packed in a spare pair of boots."





TWO VIEWS OF LORD PALMERSTON.

WE here present, as a curiosity, two views of Lord Palmerston, of which, it will be noted, the back view is as interesting and characteristic as the front one, taken by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent-street, W. The photographs were required as a guide to a sculptor in modelling a statuette, photographs of which we also give.

FIND HIS DOG





WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS EXCITEMENT?



THE NATIONAL GAME, OF COURSE.

THE DESCENT OF PADDY'S TROUSERS.



I.

PAT WAS PROUD OF THEM. THEY ONLY COST HIM 8S. 6D.; BUT WASN'T THE "CUT" WORTH A £1,000 A YEAR TO HIM?



II.

PAT JUNIOR—WITH A LITTLE TUCKING UP—FELL INTO THEM AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS. HOROO! IT WAS A GRAND SAVING IN VESTS!



III.

BUTTONED OVER THE SHOULDERS THE PUZZLE WAS TO FIND DENNIS. "BEDAD! BUT YE CAN'T BATE 'EM FER KAPING 'IS LITTLE SHIRT CLANE," SAYS HIS MOTHER.



IV.

LITTLE MIKE WEARS THEM NOW, FASTENED UP WITH FASHIONABLE ROSETTES ON THE SHOULDERS. PAT SAYS WHEN MIKE GROWS OUT OF THEM HE INTENDS USING THEM AS BICYCLE BREECHES.



"MY BOY! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO STAND ON THAT SPRING-BOARD."



BUT HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIS WEIGHT.

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